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The Hongkong Telegraph

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VOL. IV NO. 29 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1949. Price 20 Cents

32,000 Have 'Flu In Vienna

Vienna, Feb. 4.—There are now 32,000 influenza cases in Vienna—a record—and the epidemic is sweeping through Austria's provinces of Styria. Stating this, the Wiener Kurier says there are over-filled hospitals at Graz, the Styrian provincial capital, where emergency beds have had to be put up in corridors and more than 2,000 cases have been reported in the province in the past three days.

In the Tyrol, cases are being reported at the rate of 150 a day. The influenza wave which swept the Continent claimed about one person in every five in France, the World Health Organisation reported a fortnight ago. It was generally of a mild type.—Reuter.

Attempt To Kill Shah Of Iran

Tehran, Feb. 4.—The Shah of Iran was shot by a newspaper reporter on Friday and slightly injured. Martial law was declared immediately.

The shooting occurred at Tehran University where 29-year-old Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi was taking part in a celebration of the institution's anniversary.

While entering the building he was shot five times by a newspaper correspondent called Fakhr Ralee. One bullet went into the Shah's cheek and another into his upper lip. Three bullets hit his hat. The crowd immediately attacked Ralee and beat him up seriously.—Associated Press.

44 ESCAPE IN AIR CRASH

London, Feb. 4.—All 44 passengers, British Service personnel and their families, escaped with cuts and slight injuries in the Sky-master crash at Castel Benito, near Tripoli, today. It was learned here.

The pilot, Captain Kitley, was killed. Five other members of the crew were injured.

The accident occurred at 5.00 a.m. local time in the dark with heavy rain falling. The plane crashed 400 yards from the airfield's control tower shortly after joining the circuit before landing.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL Safeguarding Hongkong

It is obvious that both Houses of Parliament are acutely sensitive to the military and political developments in China at the present time: how otherwise can one explain the almost embarrassing concern over the future safety of Hongkong which is being expressed by MPs and their lordships? Something approaching a debate was conducted in the House of Lords on this subject on Thursday with Lord Strabolgi going so far as to discuss, even if somewhat tentatively, military strategy involved in the defence of the Colony, while Lord Douglas, basing his remarks on visit to Hongkong, was doubtful about the adequacy of our military forces. All these comments, naturally, were based on the premise that eventually the Chinese Communists will control Kwangtung and may then indulge in hostile activities along the Hongkong border. But there is no evidence yet that the Communists intend to try and extend a dominating influence as far south as Kwangtung, and there is no reason, at this moment, to assume that even if they obtain some political power in South China, that they will indulge in military acts inimical to the interests of the Colony. The danger of Communist expansion to the south, so far as Hongkong is concerned, rests not so much in threats of military invasion, but in the encouragement this expansion may give to the Communist underground within our frontiers to stir up local internal disorders. Communist troops massed on the frontier could cause us embarrassment, but far more serious than any parade of strength beyond the borders would be active insurrection within the Colony. And it is this contingency to which Government must devote its main attention. It is also this possibility that gives substance to the argument that in the reor-

Allies Take Strong Line Over Berlin Currency COUNTER MOVE TO BLOCKADE

Washington, Feb. 4.—The United States was reported on Friday to have laid down new and stricter terms for settlement of the dispute with Soviet Russia over Berlin currency.

Diplomatic informants said the terms are contained in an American proposal submitted to a United Nations group of experts.

They provide for continued circulation of Western marks in the Western sector of the city pending outcome of efforts to restore four Power rule. Soviet marks would continue to circulate as now in the Russian sector under the projected standstill agreement.

Before the Moscow negotiations for a Berlin settlement broke down five months ago, the United States, Britain and France had stated they were willing to permit the temporary circulation of Soviet currency throughout the city.

OPEN RETALIATION

Berlin, Feb. 4.—The Western Allies hit back at the Soviet blockade on Friday with a counter move at stopping all trucks travelling from the West into the Russian zone of Germany.

The action, an open retaliation for the Soviet ring around Western Berlin, may affect even the Russian satellite nations of Eastern Europe.

U.S. and British authorities announced that effective next Sunday, the bilateral area will be closed to all highway freight shipments destined for the Soviet zone.

Most railway freight traffic was halted last autumn.

The American British order affects truck shipments by such neighbouring countries as France, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and Luxembourg. Particularly affected is the Holland-Czechoslovakia trucking line which operated between major cities in the Netherlands and Germany. It cuts across Western Germany.

The only exceptions to the ban, the announcement said, will be passenger vehicles and those trucks returning from trips undertaken before the announcement was made.

EFFECT OF BAN

Under the ban, no Western material can pierce the blockade unless it goes through the Allied airlift. Supplies totalling 18,000 tons were flown in on Friday—fourth highest tonnage since the airlift began June 28.

As for rail shipments from the West, an American official explained they had, to a large extent, been stopped last autumn. Trains then resorted to trucks as a substitute. The new Allied action is designed to plug up that leak.

This official said a considerable amount of goods travel by truck into Czechoslovakia and wind up in the Russian zone of Germany, sometimes even in the Soviet sector of Berlin. Any estimate of the amount, however, would be a wild guess, he said.

Meanwhile, commenting on the projected West German Federal State, a high American military government official said it cannot be set up before July 1 at the earliest—two months after the original target date.

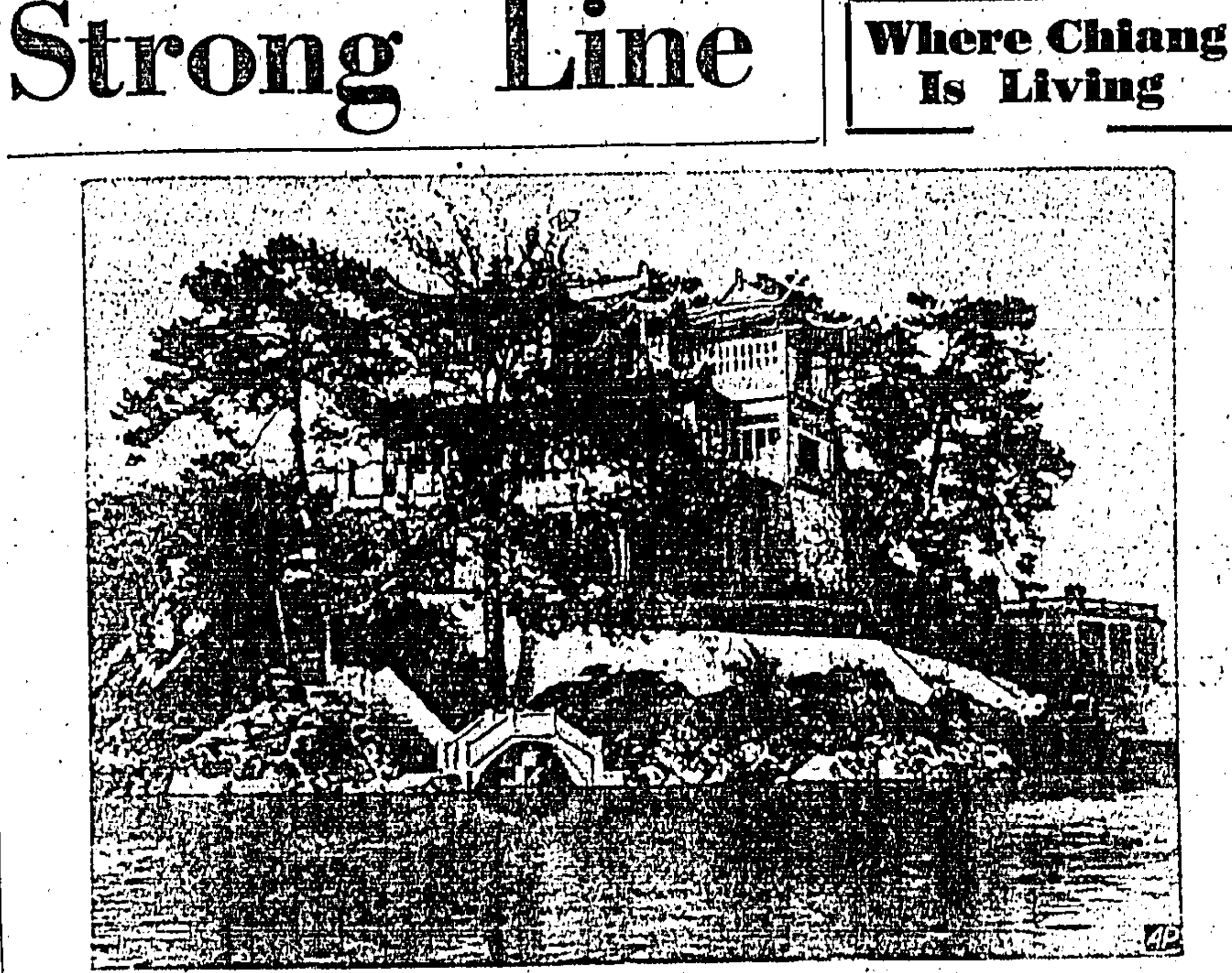
The delay in creating the Western states does not represent any concession to Prime Minister Stalin's demand that the Western Allies postpone or scrap plans for a separate Western Government in order to get the Berlin blockade lifted.

It stems from disagreement among Britain, France and the U.S. which have stilled completion of an occupation statute for the three Western zones.—Associated Press.

ROYAL SOVEREIGN ARRIVES

Edinburgh, Feb. 4.—The battleship Royal Sovereign, which was on loan to Russia, arrived in the Firth of Forth at 6.00 a.m. today.

The Russian-manned ship was nearly 12 hours ahead of the time she was expected on yesterday's information at the Admiralty.—Reuter.



This is the home in Fenghua to which General Chiang Kai-shek has retired, after more than 20 years as leader of China. Fenghua is located in Chekiang Province, southwest of Shanghai, and is the scene of Chiang's youth. He was not born in this house, but acquired it after he attained prominence in China's national affairs.—AP Picture.

CARDINAL REPUDIATES A LETTER

Latest Turn In The Mindszentzy Trial

Budapest, Feb. 4.—Cardinal Mindszentzy repudiated in open court on Friday a letter he wrote in November 1948, in which he said that if he ever admitted guilt in connection with the Government charges against him, it would be "because of weakness of the flesh."

Cardinal Mindszentzy, on trial on charges of treason and black market money dealings, rose from his seat in the dock on Friday afternoon and said:

"I wrote this letter some time in November 1948 with instructions that it be forwarded to the bishops and archbishops of Hungary on the day I was arrested."

"Now I want to state that I see things differently from when I drafted the letter and I want to repeat what I said on Thursday—that I regret my error."

The Cardinal said flatly: "I want it to be considered that that letter is null and void."

He said that the court had not hindered him in his defence, that he had access to his barrister at all times.

He emphasised that he had written the letter before his arrest and that it had nothing to do with the present court.

Judge Vilmos Olthys had remarked that he had written from prison a letter which contained the words "I regret my error."

In the letter, Cardinal Mindszentzy said among other things that there was no personal freedom in Hungary and warned the other clerics that he would probably be arrested.

CHANGED HIS MIND

Judge Olthys asked whether the Cardinal admitted writing the letter.

The Cardinal arose, walked to the amplifier hanging in front of the judge's bench and said that he had changed his mind about things in Hungary.

He spoke firmly and clearly. He did not resemble the prelate who was shaken on Thursday night by the disclosure that he had written from prison a letter which contained the words "I regret my error" and hoped the American minister would help him.

When Judge Olthys said that the court was "hurt" by the implications in the letter, the Cardinal debated the point that it had been written before his arrest, he said.—Associated Press.

Hopes For Palestine Settlement Rise

JEWES WELCOME NEW PROPOSAL

Rhodes, Feb. 4.—New hope for a Palestine settlement rose on Friday following Israel's welcome to the proposal that six Arab nations join the Israeli-Egyptian negotiations at Rhodes. The invitation was issued by the United Nations' Mediator, Dr Ralph Bunche.

"This is a further step on the road to peace," Mr Eytan, chief Jewish delegate said. "That is why the Israeli Government has accepted the proposal immediately. There will be complicated problems to discuss but we hope that in a spirit of mutual understanding it will be possible to surmount any obstacles."

The new talks should begin in ten days, Dr Bunche suggested.

The Mediator's proposal followed a reported Israeli threat to withdraw from the talks with Egypt unless the Egyptians accepted the Jews' final proposals on Israel's frontiers.

These Jewish proposals were based on the "Bunche Lines" suggested by the Mediator.

In Jerusalem, Colonel Walter Elliott, the British Conservative Member of Parliament for Scottish Universities, said that he found both Jews and Arabs anxious for a final settlement.—Associated Press.

NIGHT CONFERENCE

Rhodes, Feb. 4.—Armed guards stood outside the conference room tonight when the Egyptian and Israeli delegations met to discuss the acting Palestine Mediator, Dr Ralph Bunche's, "armistice lines" plan for the New desert.

The plan is designed to break the six-weeks old deadlock in the armistice talks. The Egyptian delegation, headed by Colonel Mohamed Ibrahim, was the first to enter the conference room, closely followed by the Israeli delegation led by Dr Walter Eytan, Director-General of the Israeli Foreign Ministry.

There was no official news at the Mediator's Rhodes headquarters of an answer from any of the six Arab States—Syria, Transjordan, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Lebanon and Yemen—to Dr Bunche's message inviting them to join in the armistice talks.

The "blanket" invitation, which coincided with the issue of the Bunche Plan to the Egyptians and the Jews, was regarded here as a move to "soften" the Egyptian attitude.

It was thought that if Transjordan, which is interested in the Negev desert area, agreed to attend the talks, the Egyptians might seek a temporary solution to the Negev problem before the Transjordan delegation arrived.

Dr Eytan said he was ready to negotiate with these countries "at any time."

At the end of the meeting, which lasted two and a half hours, neither the Egyptians nor the Israelis commented, but it was learned that the meeting would be resumed tomorrow morning.

United Nations sources expressed some optimism after the meeting which was reported to have been cordial but marked by hard bargaining. Immediately after the meeting both delegations returned to private conferences.—Reuter.

700,000 Men Ready To Defend Yangtse

Shanghai, Feb. 5.—General Tang En-po, Commander-in-Chief of the Nanking-Shanghai area, has assembled 20 crack, well-equipped armies numbering some 700,000 men for the defence of the "heart" of China, it was claimed by a competent military authority today.

Simultaneously, a strong fleet of some 50 Nationalist warships are patrolling day and night along the lower reaches of the Yangtse to supplement the land forces to meet any possible attempt by the Communists to cross the river.

The authority claimed that troops of various kinds, including paratroopers, armoured units, engineering and signal corps are concentrating in the Nanking and Shanghai sector from different parts of Nationalist China.

About 10 wings of the Chinese Air Force are also ready for operation at bases scattered around Shanghai and Nanking.

Asked about the defence of the city, the authority said that more than 70 per cent of the work had been completed and the remaining part will be finished on schedule.

The difficulty over defence work in this city, the authority said, is a shortage of construction materials such as sand and brick chips, which are not easily obtainable here.

He said troops at present billeted in various schools and universities would be removed when the spring term opens. He stressed that peace and security in the city would be maintained at all costs.—Reuter.

MISSION LEAVING

Nanking, Feb. 5.—Mr Shao Li-tze, leader of the Nationalist Government's peace delegation, and Dr W. W. Yen, head of the five-man non-partisan delegation from Shanghai will fly to Peiping tomorrow to endeavour to expedite the Communist reply to the Nationalist peace appeal, it is reliably understood here.

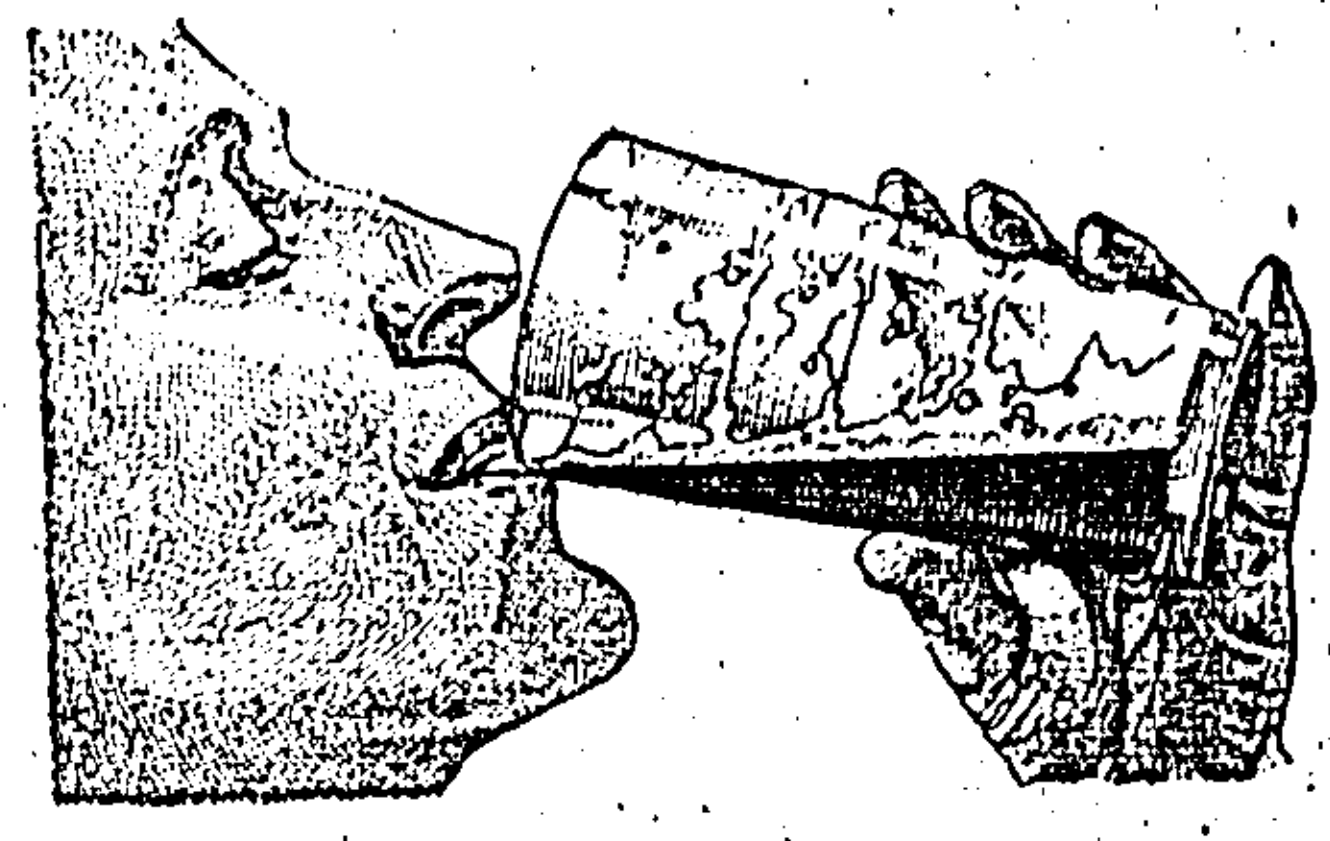
They are expected to confer with General Yeh Chien-ying, the Communist Mayor of Peiping and other Red leaders.

Mr Kan Chia-hou, adviser and personal envoy of President Li Tsung-shan, flew to Shanghai today to tell the non-partisan delegation to prepare for the journey. The delegation was appointed when the President made a flying visit to Shanghai.

The Nanking people's peace delegation, at present back in "Tsingtau," is reported to have obtained Communist permission to fly to Peiping on the same day to contact General Yeh.—Reuter-AAP.

NANTUNG RETAKEN

Shanghai, Feb. 5.—The important industrial centre of Nantung, on the north bank of the Yangtse, about 60 miles northwest of Shanghai, has been recaptured by Nationalist forces, according to Chinese reports this morning. The recapture followed a voluntary Communist withdrawal, presumably to join the general replenishment and regrouping, which the Communist armies are now reported to be undergoing preparatory to a major onslaught against the Yangtse.—Reuter.



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MANHUNT OF
MYSTERY
ISLAND

A SEAT IN THE STALLS

The mystery of British shows which flop on
Broadway while British stars are the talk
of the town

Boris Shaves
A Beard—Heads
For Hollywood

From FREDERICK COOK

MR William Henry Pratt, formerly of Dulwich, the distinguished old Uppinghamian better known to film-goers as Boris Karloff, is beginning to have doubts whether for him the legitimate theatre is a rewarding career after all.

He spent two months carefully cultivating a beautiful iron-grey but excessively itchy beard for his leading part in *The Shop at Sly Corner*, and what happens? After only seven performances the play came off. So did the beard.

I have been talking over with Mr Karloff (not at all as terrifying as those Hollywood horror epics have made him) this problem of the stream of British successes that flop on Broadway and the equally long string of Broadway hits that London won't buy at any price.

"Old boy," said Mr Karloff, "I simply haven't an idea. This is one of the profoundest mysteries of the theatre."

NO RULES

"Absolutely extraordinary. No rules seem to apply. This show of ours—it went all right in London. We did well with it in Philadelphia and Boston and here on Broadway audiences seemed to like us."

"But the critics murdered us. I wish somebody could tell me why it is that a show London liked should be so badly received here."

"As for me, it's Hollywood again and another film. What I'd really like is to do a play in London again. I haven't been home since 1936."

"I notice you still call it home," I said.

"Naturally," said Mr Karloff. "And why not? I came here in 1909, but home's home, old boy, and that's all there is to it. I haven't even taken out my first papers here, you know, and still can't see any reason why I should."

JACK WANTS TO KNOW

It is not only Mr Karloff who is trying to find out the secret of what show will succeed where. All Broadway would like to know is the *Lute Song*, *Voice of the Turtle*, *Finian's Rainbow*, all these were considerable hits on Broadway but simply headaches in the West End.

Yet Annie Get Your Gun and Oklahoma—both so fundamentally American in every respect that



BORIS KARLOFF

Wearing a beard in the film *Behind the Door*

most "experts" thought London would not like them at all—went over big there.

Anybody who knows the answer to this conundrum kindly tell Lee Ephraim and Jack Buchanan who, if Broadway reports are true, lost a large amount of their own money on Don't Listen Ladies.

BE BRITISH—IT HELPS

Don't, by the way, put down these failures to any latent anglophobia along Broadway.

That's one place in America where to be British is more of a help than a disadvantage.

Biggest names in the lights on both sides of the street are British. Jessica Tandy is the real power in Tennessee Williams's *Streetcar Named Desire*.

Robert Morley's tremendous performance in *Edward My Son* is still the talk of the town.

Just over the way are Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman in *Anne of the Thousand Days*.

And, of course, Bea Lillie full of zing as ever, keeping inside U.S.A. among the top liners week after week.

In all of these it is the British stars who are keeping the box office happy.

It's hard to tell
one from t'other

EVE PERRICK finds no 'new look' among
the latest batch of heart-throbs

WELL, above, ladies, are four fellows from the 1949 line-up of Hollywood's hopes—and down below four from the British bunch.

These are the actors who made their mark (sometimes, of course, it was merely a faint impression) in pictures during last year, and who are now scheduled by their studios for bigger and better things.

Notice anything? They all look alike—or rather the Americans seem to share one face, and our boys could easily qualify for the Shakespearean label—"This happy band of brothers."

Peter Lawford, Farley Granger, Ricardo Montalban, Louis Jourdan are intended to replace the Robert Toylors, Gregory Pecks, Cesar Romero in our hearts.

Maxwell Reed, Andrew Crawford, Dermot Walsh, Patrick Holt hope to be able to drive Stewart Granger and Michael Wilding from our dreams.

But the real problem is surely how will we ever be able to tell one from t'other?

Here is this double-quartet of dark intense young men, each a competent actor, without a single outstanding feature among them. If

only one wore glasses—or at least grew a beard!

If you did this happen? Hollywood with customary thoroughness searched far and wide—Mexico, France, England, the whole world over—but nobody seems to mind that their finds look exactly like the fellows already on the payroll.

The reason for the British composite type is easier to understand. David Henley, the man who picks the stars of the future for the Rank Organisation, in a publication entitled "The Film Fan's Beside Book," has set out the things he looks for in men.

They must have large heads, be six feet or over, have a "visible streak of cruelty" in their makeup, particularly in the set of the mouth.

POSTSCRIPT: Watch out for 24-year-old Dermot (starring in the current film "Third Time Luck"). Apparently he has learned a thing or two from Veronica Lake. If you can't be different, do something about your hair-style. He wears a light streak in his bonny brown hair.

So, to the probably perplexed picturegoer, here is one star-spelling hint. When you see the white in his hair, it's Mr Walsh.



JOYCE REDMAN



BEA LILLIE

JESSICA TANDY
in *Streetcar Named Desire*This Wanton
Deserved A
Better Fate

By STEPHEN WATTS

AFTER crying aloud for less costly British films, the least I can do is welcome the first made by a new method the whole object of which is economy.

And in principle I do so. By intensive back-projection, prefabricated sets and other devices "Warning to Wantons" has been made more speedily and, I understand, on a relatively modest budget. This method is called "Independent frame."

Its greatest virtue is that you barely notice it. A slight muzziness occasionally in backgrounds is my only criticism.

But, alas, method is not all. So I greet independent frame with a technical pat on the back and "Warning to Wantons" with an artistic kick in the pants. What we want is good cheaper films.

IN book form this was a sophisticated fairy-tale darkly sparkling with worldly irony. It cried out for a Lubitsch to film it. Instead, it has been done with flat-footed heaviness and a lack of all pace and crackle. Its quality is utterly destroyed.

And so many words! When Harold Warrender wants to call the wanton (Anne Vernon) a minx it has to be "an exquisite, rare and precious minx, like a Dresden statuette." Which slows things down a lot.

Only Miss Vernon, a fresh and twinkling French actress, and David Tomlinson, neatly winding laughs without much help from the script, seem to have the spirit of the thing. **HE HAS THE CHARM.**

MOST enjoyable of the new films. "The Saxon Charm" puts upon Robert Montgomery the task of making the charm credible for the man Saxon is a monster, a Broadway producer who devours, by his eccentricity, those who work for him.

It is the sort of boor who can win people back just when they are half-dementedly determining never to speak to him again.

Its appeal may be a little special and theatrical, but the picture is made highly entertaining by Montgomery and his outstandingly able women supporters, Susan Hayward and Audrey Totter.

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PICTURE

What Stalin intends to do

KREMLIN PLANNED TO KEEP US OUT OF GERMANY

It was to be 'the Red Army only': Success of Normandy invasion upset the plot: Secret Molotov speech that started the 'cold war': How Stalin seized half Europe with a bunch of Kremlin-trained quislings

IN December 1946 Molotov arrived in Berlin on his way back to Moscow from a bitter wrangle with the West at UNO and in the Council of Foreign Ministers.

He addressed a restricted meeting of the higher S.M.A. (Soviet Military Administration) personnel, and was in a belligerent mood. He conveyed the following ideas:—

"The Americans think too much of themselves. They are rich and arrogant. They are determined to make Europe an American colony. We have a different aim, a united Democratic Germany, with Berlin as its capital."

"We shall deliver a hard blow in the face of the Western Powers, who are the real enemies of the working classes of Europe and therefore of the Soviet Union."

OPEN PROPAGANDA

POLITICAL propaganda violence against Western democracies was mounting even before this meeting. After it became even more open, coarse, and intensive.

On Molotov's instructions, Shestakov, the Soviet Consul-General in Berlin, entrusted me and several others with the task of obtaining as much information as possible concerning conditions in the Western zone.

Domination of Europe and the communication of its nations and peoples is regarded by the Politburo as the deciding factor of world power, and it is therefore Task One of the world programme.

The aftermath of the war, leaving Germany ruined and Europe impoverished and divided, confronts the Politburo with an opportunity which, if Europe is allowed to recover, may never recur. Germany is the first and probably decisive battleground. Apart from its obvious industrial power its commanding geographical position exerts an irresistible attraction upon Soviet strategists.

by Lieut.-Colonel GRIGORI A. TOKAEV

a highly-placed Soviet officer who fled to the West to fight for Freedom. He carried out secret tasks for the Politburo.

Its land frontiers impinge upon nine different countries and it also has maritime frontiers with Finland, Sweden, Norway, Great Britain and the Baltic States—so many convenient thresholds for Soviet infiltration.

In measuring Germany, the Politburo is also motivated by the Marxist theory that Germany, of all the European countries, is most vulnerable to Communism.

Two crushing defeats have supposedly convulsed and riven the nation.

According to Soviet theory, the huge masses of German workmen are ripe for proletarian revolution.

The failure of this Soviet-manufactured revolution, to make headway has been a bitter disappointment to the Politburo, and represents its most serious defeat in world politics.

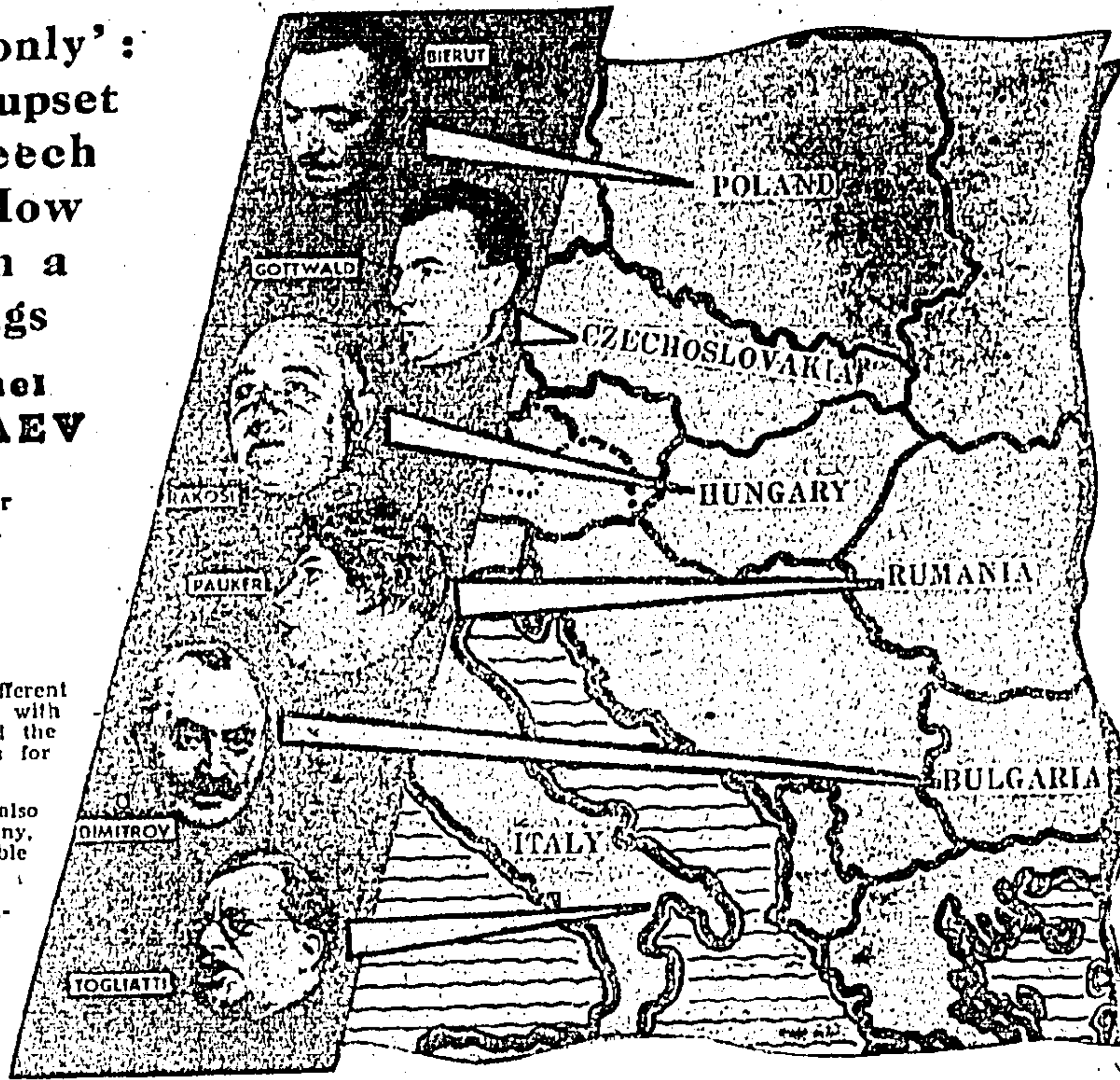
But the Politburo has not been put off in its plans by the stubborn refusal of the German working classes to behave like the proletariat of Soviet theory.

The miscarriage is explained by a standard argument that, owing to Western interference, the Communist leaders have not been able to reach the industrial masses in the Western zones.

FATE IN STORE

THE instant they are able to do so, then—according to the theory—the German proletariat will see the light.

I am appalled by the reluctance of the people of the West to perceive the fate the Soviet Union is preparing for them.



There can be no secret of Soviet intentions. The real Iron Curtain is the virtually impenetrable veil of credulity which human nature manages to draw across the mind to shut out unpleasant facts.

To understand where Soviet policy is headed one must trace it back some distance in time and space.

Hitler fooled Stalin. The Politburo had no intention of entering the European war, at least before the issue had been decided.

Hence the non-aggression pact of 1939 satisfied both Stalin's crude sense of opportunism and basic Marxist theory.

The Soviet Union would arm Germany to bring down Britain and the U.S. Then, when Western society was bleeding to death, Bolshevism would intervene and dominate the void.

These are six quislings of the 'Kremlin column.' Through them the greater part of Eastern Europe has fallen under Communist control. Togliatti, alone, is no longer in power.

But while vituperation ceased, praise and understanding never took its place.

In the West the orators praised the grand coalition. The Soviet "leaders" regarded it cynically as a marriage of convenience.

Two things contrived to end this truce in 1943. One was the realization after Stalingrad and El Alamein that Germany was beaten.

The other was the disclosure of Churchill's plan for an Anglo-American thrust into Europe from the Balkans.

Churchill's scheme threw the Kremlin into a state of turmoil.

The Kremlin feared that this plan, if boldly carried out, would put the Anglo-American forces well ahead of the Red Army in Western Europe.

DRAW OFF STRENGTH

THERE is a curious illusion in the West that Stalin, in urging Roosevelt and Churchill all through 1942-3 to attack instead without delay across the Channel, was ignorant of the complexities of amphibious warfare, and underestimated the risks.

Actually, the contrary was true. The Soviet General Staff was sure the Anglo-American forces faced a virtually impossible task.

The Atlantic Wall was judged to be almost invulnerable; and it was assumed that the Western armies would either be thrown back or would be too weak to penetrate deeply.

But, whatever the outcome, the battle would draw the main German strength from the East; and, at the opportune moment, the Soviet Army would burst through, take Berlin, and roll on at least as far as the Rhine.

TASK ONE

SOVIET policy from 1944 on was that Germany should be occupied at all costs by Soviet troops and on no account by any others.

By that time the Politburo had begun to look beyond the German defeat, already assured. They had moved on to Task One—Europe.

I was in Moscow when the Western Allies landed in France. The news aroused in the ruling circles anything but the expression of relief one might have expected from a hard-pressed nation given reprieve through the gallant action of its Allies. Although Stalin sent a message of congratulation, the atmosphere in the Politburo belied his expressions of joy.

In various premises of the supposedly defunct Comintern situated near the Kremlin and in the building of the Pan-Slav Committee in Kropotkin-street, Moscow, were congregated at that moment the future Soviet Proconsuls of Europe—Otto Kuusinen, of the Karelian Republic; Rakosi, of Hungary; Anna Pauker, of Rumania; Dimitroff, of Bulgaria; Blerut, of Poland; Kainberis, Karotamm, Latsis and others of the Baltic States; Togliatti, of Italy; Gottwald and Needell, of Czechoslovakia; etc.

They were all under the wing of the Central Committee, V.K.P. (b) (All-Union Communist Party [Bolsheviks]), and Lieut.-General Gunderov, chairman of the Pan-Slav Committee.

One day you will learn, if the history of those lost countries is ever told, how a dozen or so Kremlin quislings were put above the head of the countries they had betrayed by Soviet military might.

But the success of the Normandy invasion took the Kremlin by surprise. The power and mobility revealed by the landing armies gave rise to a near panic that they would be in Berlin before the 1944 winter.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," became the slogan of the Soviet High Command.

Yet, though the Red Army strained every nerve, the race seemed hopeless until the Western advance was suddenly halted. The action was greeted in Moscow with incredulous relief.

SUCH BENEVOLENCE

NOR was that the end of Western benevolence. When subsequently the Western Allies agreed to withdraw their troops from Thuringia and Saxony, Soviet cynicism was at a loss to account for such an unrealistic action.

Certainly Zhukov's staff never expected the American to agree so easily to retire from these rich provinces.

From my post at Zhukov's residence at Karlshorst I was in a good position to observe the Politburo's efforts to extort the last ounce of advantage from Western quillibility.

Zhukov and Sokolovsky occupied the ground floor, while I and a Major Kudryavtsev, as Soviet secretaries to the Control Council, had the floor above.

The house was heavily guarded. Special passes were required to penetrate this holy of holies. Direct telephone lines connected it with the Kremlin.

I met General Eisenhower not only at the Control Council and at the various banquets, but as my second office in Berlin was in the same building and practically next door to his, I had many opportunities to see him.

Personally, I liked and respected him. Zhukov admired professional competence, and the exchanges between them were most pleasant.

But the prevailing feeling in the S.M.A. was that Eisenhower was soft and one could usually get things out of him.

Montgomery, on the other hand, spoke a language the S.M.A. understood—hard and direct, and constructed largely around the word "No."

Montgomery and Churchill between them administered the Politburo its one setback. Under the agreement for the partition of Germany, Schleswig-Holstein was to be occupied by the British. But Stalin hoped to seize it first.

Marshal Rokossovsky, commander of the northern group of Soviet armies, was reprimanded for having lost the race to the British.

BALTIC CONTROL

STALIN'S desire to occupy Schleswig-Holstein was dictated by the fact that the Politburo plans included Soviet domination of the whole Baltic basin. In order to achieve this, it is necessary to be master of the Kiel-Copenhagen-Malmö line. This is impossible without holding Schleswig-Holstein.

Churchill saw the danger. The British armies shot forward and beat Rokossovsky to it. This action incurred Stalin's displeasure.

The Kiel-Copenhagen and Malmö line is vital to Soviet strategy in Northern Germany. In the event of an armed conflict the Soviet forces will probably aim their first blow in that direction.

After the occupation of Berlin the Soviet policy was based on the struggle for German unity under Communist control.

The plot was to seize political control, through German puppet organisations, and complicate the positions of the Western Occupation Powers.

Unfortunately for the Soviet rulers, the Germans showed themselves to be more intelligent than they were given credit for by the Kremlin.

ARMED MILITIA

So far, the Politburo stands frustrated. But the struggle is certain to be resumed violently at the first favourable opportunity.

The fact that the German police and militia in the Soviet zone are being armed is an ominous sign that important events are in the offing. It is probable that they are destined to play the role of an "Armed Nation" in a popular rising.

My belief is that when this force is ready you will see a demand from the Soviet Government for the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Germany.

[World copyright]

NEXT WEEK:

At secret Politburo meeting: Stalin is angry: I talk with him.



"You must be the young man who 'Marla says has hidden talents.'"

U.S. CABLE-LETTER

TRUMAN MAY SEND MOSCOW ENVOY

By FREDERICK COOK

NEW YORK.

JUST because President Truman says he has not changed his attitude to Mr. Stalin—that he will not go to Moscow to see him, but would be glad to talk to him here any time he cares to call—it should by no means be assumed there is not going to be a new approach.

The idea of a second Mission to Moscow is far from dead. Nobody in fact, would be much surprised if the President should some day soon send another personal envoy to the Kremlin.

Best estimate of the President's point of view just now is: He still does not believe that his idea of sending Mr. Vinson to Russia was a bad idea, though he may concede that the timing might have been better in view of Mr. Marshall's talks, at the time, with the Russians at Uno.

He cancelled it reluctantly, out of deference to Marshall. Now Marshall is gone. And the President still feels—or so informed people believe—that there is nothing to lose and perhaps a lot to gain. Who will the envoy be? It could well be Mr. Averell Harriman.

Rough ride

IT is clear now that the President is going to have a rougher ride than some thought with his Civil Rights programme.

It would give him great satisfaction to wipe out the stain of second-class citizenship for the 10 percent of Americans whose skins happen to be dark.

But the programme is going to be harder to put through than some of his other election pledges. The opposition is strong, and determined.

Straws in the wind are the cynical acquittal in Georgia—in 20 minutes—of two white men accused of lynching a Negro, and the introduction into the Legislature of that State of a new white supremacy programme.

Liner competition

PEOPLE here have fallen in love with the new British liner Caronia. They flocked down to the Hudson River while she was lying there. But her arrival has stimulated talk about giving Britain some competition.

Navy cut

THE Navy are having some trouble following presentation of the President's Budget. Next year only £13,000,000 are set aside for ship construction. That provides for the conversion of six destroyers to "other types" (presumably for anti-submarine work).

Only one new ship is planned, an auxiliary minesweeper. Naval construction, in effect is thus at a standstill, until the admirals know just what ships will be needed.

Atom guess

PROFESSOR J. A. Campbell, of Oberlin College, is the latest chemist to make a guess at one of the world's top secrets: How big is the explosive charge in an atom bomb?

He thinks the answer is: About the size of a cricket ball and about 20 to 30 lb. in weight.

Campbell adds that from known deposits of fissionable material about 10,000 atom bombs could be manufactured. He believes that any country with a considerable land area is bound to have available material to make bombs.

Comeback

AMERICANS are wincing with admiration the steady comeback of the £ sterling, as an internationally-acceptable currency.

On the New York free market £1 notes continue to get a fraction dearer all the time. Six months ago they could be bought for 10s. 3d. Now they are 10s.

THE HAM YOU CAN'T CURE!

by BERNARD WICKSTEED

IF you've had much to do with schoolboys you may have noticed that a fair proportion of them have a curious kink about radio.

To a lad so afflicted the inside of a set isn't a jumble of multi-coloured wires and bits that blow up when you touch them. It's something he can love and understand.

I've often wondered how a childhood like this affects one in later life. So this week I went into the question and found that those with a case history of radio fever never fully recover.

Outwardly they seem normal enough. Some even marry and have children, but they never get those megacycles out of the system.

Tune in to any of the short-wave bands that are used by amateurs and you will hear them talking for hours on end about their aerials and ohm troubles.

At the present moment there are 6,500 radio hypochondriacs over the age of 16 licensed by the Postmaster-General to discuss the symptoms of their sets on the air. The number is increasing daily and is already doubled what it was before the war.

In America there are 90,000, and they have a book of their call signs and addresses that is nearly as big as a London telephone directory.

U.S.A. and Russia

EVEN Russia has a thousand or so, and in smaller numbers they are scattered over the entire globe—100,000 grown-up men united by a common love of the valve and the condenser.

They call themselves "hams"—abbreviated from "amateurs"—and talk with emotion about the "ham spirit" and "hams across the sea."

As one ham said in my hearing. "If only everyone was like us! There would be no wars." They speak a common language derived from English, a mixture of code words, technical terms, and the sort of thing you hear in a school dormitory.

The temples where they perform their devotions are known as "shacks," and range from humble cubby holes under the stairs to magnificent quarters in the spare bedroom. They have no social barriers such as we know. If you take a squirt at the SUs or the EPs (ham for turning your aerial in the direction of Egypt or Persia) you might find yourself talking to a prince.

Is short

ALTERNATIVELY you might have an experience such as befell an acquaintance of mine. He was talking from London to a stranger in Yorkshire, and in the middle of a friendly chat on electrostatic flux density, or something obscure like that, the other fellow suddenly went off the air.

When they made contact again some weeks later the York ham apologized for the interruption. He got his electricity through a meter, he said and the shilling had run out.

Being unemployed he'd had to wait till he could afford to put in another. Hams tend to specialise in the wavelength they use. The band around 160 metres is suitable for local social calls and half a dozen radio friends may get together on it for a cosy talk without fear of being interrupted by someone in America or Australia.

Some of the bands have close seasons, like pheasants and fish. The 10-metre band, for instance, closes down most of the summer.

This is due to atmospheric conditions which can be predicted with mathematical accuracy.

Oddly enough sunspots, which can interfere with commercial radio, are often a help on some of the amateur bands. There were five glorious days of maximum sunspot activity last year when the hams went mad.

Their "wallpaper"

OPERATORS who were used to purely local work suddenly found themselves talking to other stay-at-homes in Australia and New Zealand.

When two hams meet on the air for the first time they send each other a greeting card confirming the contact.

These cards are called "wallpaper" because, when you get one, you stick it up on the wall of your shack just as other people pin up pictures of Betty Grable.

If you collect a hundred pieces of wallpaper, each from a different part of the Empire, the Incorporated Radio Society of Great Britain awards you a certificate and a badge.

Every month about 60,000 of these cards are received in Britain and about the same number go out. The Russians play the game as charmingly as everyone else. They sent about 4,000 a month, and those sent them are addressed to Box 88, Moscow.

The joke about this is that in the ham language 88 means love and kisses.

Don't these people ever talk to each other about anything else but their radios, you may ask? Politics, advertising, or anything controversial is barred, but chats about home life are allowed, the ham code.

The home life of a ham is peculiar because there are very few female hams.

A married ham I heard of in North London has a waterpipe from the kitchen running through his shack, and the sound of his wife banging on it to fetch him down to supper is familiar to his radio friends in five continents. They call it old G6—his grape-vine.

Another ham for whom everyone is sorry has a shack in a cupboard in his daughter's bedroom. This was all right when she was a child, but now she has grown up he's always being driven off the air because she wants to change her clothes or something. The big news in British ham circles last year was the opening of the two-metre wave-band.

For months they had been building home-made sets to use on it, and bang on the stroke of midnight one night in September they all began calling one another at once.

Wishing to report on this bonanza, I travelled down to Tunbridge Wells, where a man known as G2UJ has a two-metre set. I expected absolute chaos on the air, but actually we heard hardly a sound.

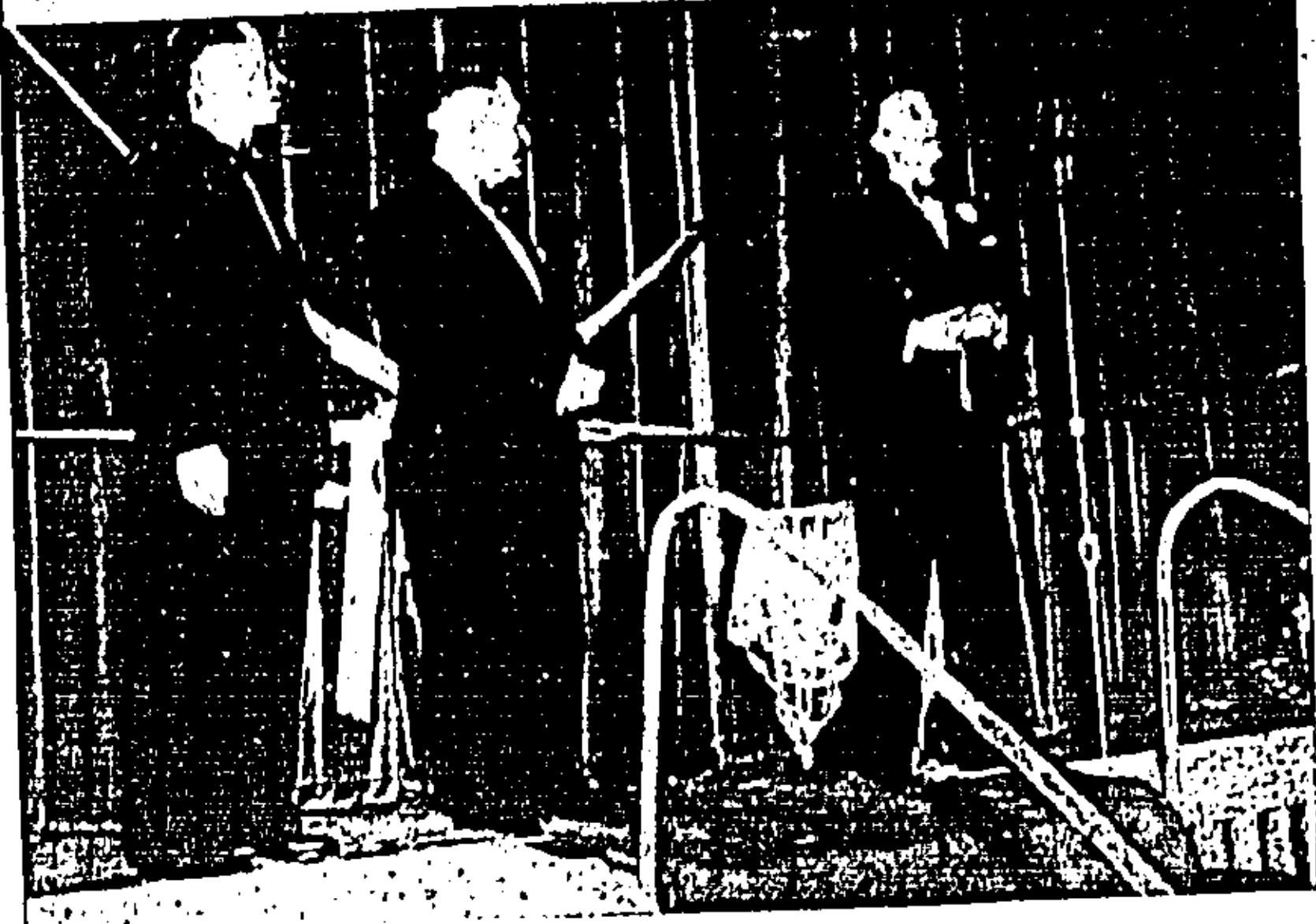
Waited 4 years

AFTERWARDS we learned that our signals were picked up in Surrey 35 miles away, but no one got through to us.

G2UJ wasn't in the least discouraged by this. When he first started operating on the 5-metre band, he said, he was calling on and off for four years before anyone answered him.

Naturally people like this are wickedly exploited by Governments and scientists, who throw them unwanted wavelengths to play with, and then take them away if they prove any good.

Every single frequency now used in commercial radio was first pioneered by these guinea pigs on their home-made sets and then taken from them. But still they go on, for you'll never cure this sort of ham.



HONGKONG'S newest film theatre, the Liberty, situated in Jordan Road, Kowloon, was officially opened on Chinese New Year's Eve by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. Above: The Governor arrives at the theatre, accompanied by Mrs W. R. Scott and Capt Wilson, ADC. On the left are Mr and Mrs H. O. Odell. Lower photo was taken a moment before His Excellency cut the tape to mark the opening. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the Registry last week after the wedding of Mr George James Mills and Miss Natalia Nilovna Kuzmina. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



OVER 1,000 children were given a happy time at the annual children's party organised by the Kowloon Branch of the Society for the Protection of Children, held at Gun Club Hill last week. Officers and men of the 25th Field Regiment took a leading part in entertaining the kiddies. Above and at right are three pictures taken during the afternoon. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



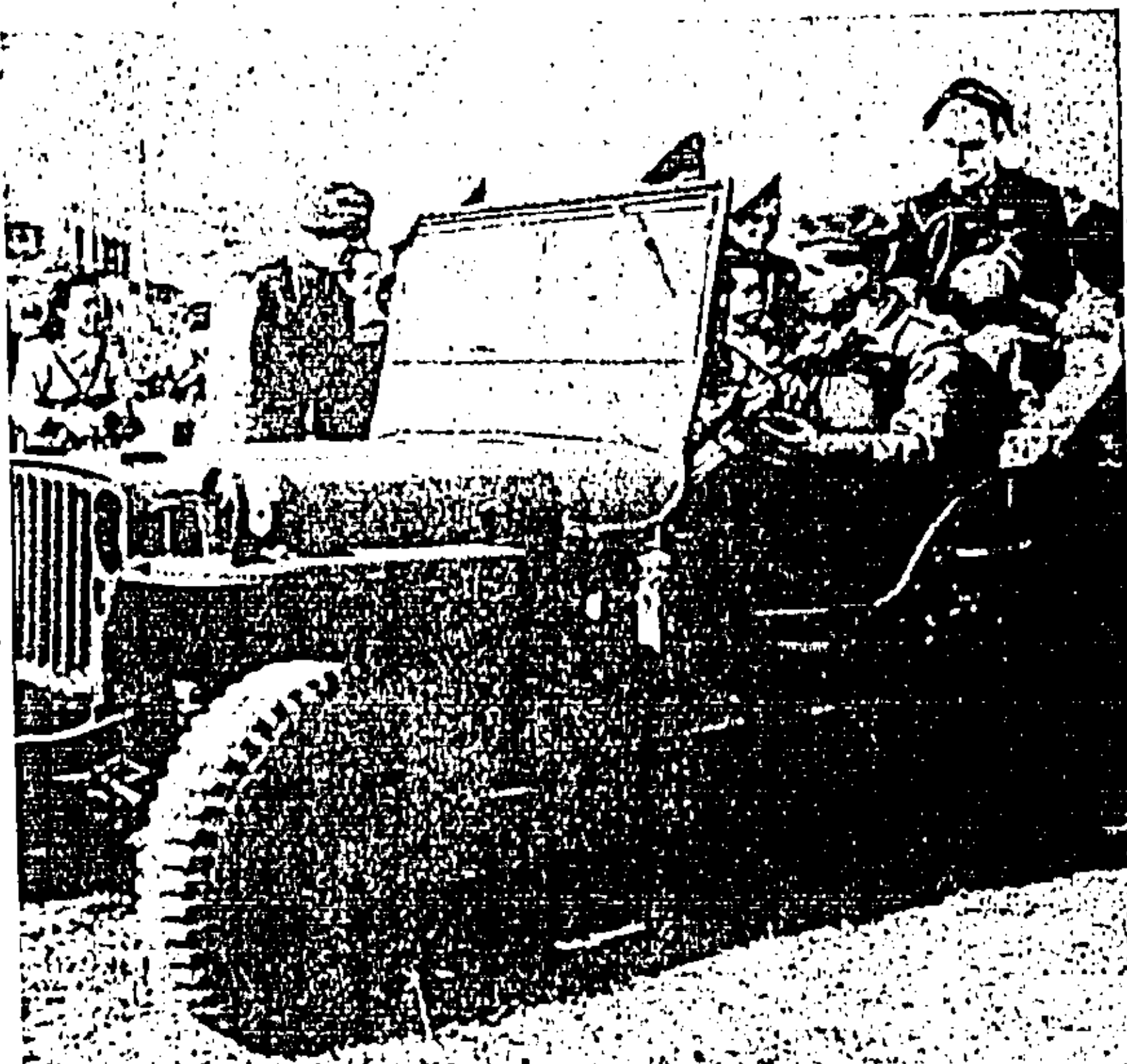
ON the occasion of Australia's Foundation Day last week, the Acting Australian Trade Commissioner, Mr H. H. Rankine, gave a cocktail party at the Hongkong Club. Above: Mr Rankine (left) drinks a toast with the Netherlands Consul-General, Dr L. A. Gastman. Right: Mr Rankine with His Excellency the Governor. Below: Mr F. P. Franklin with Mr and Mrs R. J. Crockam at the party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP taken outside the Rosary Church last week after the wedding of Mr Antonio Eduardo Noronha and Miss Mildred Osmund. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Some members of the Mobile Column of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps who attended a reunion dinner at the China Fleet Club last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



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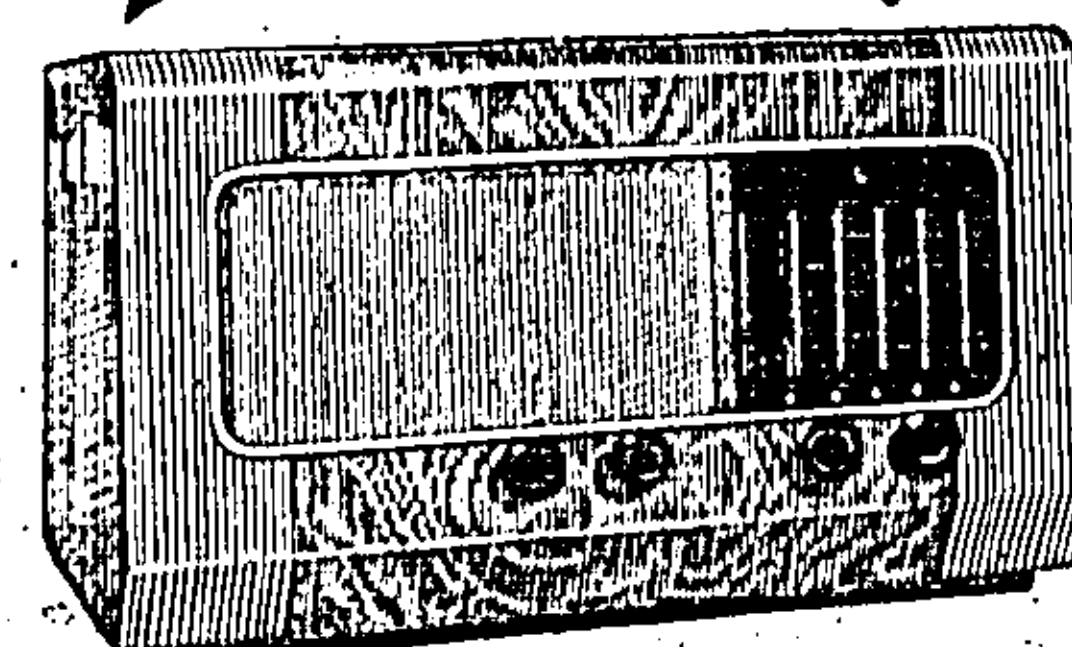
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COMBAT BACTERIAL ACIDS

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

DO YOU PLAN YOUR SPRING WARDROBE?

By JOAN ERSKINE

Do you plan your spring wardrobe? Do you decide on a colour scheme—and keep to it? Do you choose clothes because they are the "latest fashion," or because they suit your particular personality? An astonishing number of women with very methodical minds seem to suffer a temporary black-out when they begin buying clothes.

Why is it? Probably because they are enticed by a pretty dress in a shop-window; a certain colour combination beckons; a suit with a will of the wisp waist persuades them to try it on, and the damage is done. They come away with yet another piece of clothing to hang in the wardrobe because it does not match their new shoes, clashes with all their coats, does not look quite right with their latest hat.

I am going to pay an imaginary visit to the bedroom of a very good friend, and mentally rummage through her clothes closet. Most of us possess a friend with no dress, sense and a large bank balance. And all of us, at some time or other, have thought how much better we could dress, given an unlimited clothes allowance. The friend I have in mind is very tall, has a reasonably good figure, likes striding around the countryside, and is not happy in a town. But circumstances force her to live in town and she reacts by feeling, self-consciously, that she must dress in "town" fashion.

She has two fitted coats—one is donkey brown, the other black. Her day dresses have slim fitting skirts; her afternoon dress is black draped silk jersey; evening dress is ankle-length and full-skirted with strapless top. Her shoes are all high-heeled in spite of the fact that she

is not comfortable in them. Her hats are cloches.

There seems to be nothing wrong with this selection, at first glance. But she does not walk well in high heels. Her short curly hair is difficult to confine under a cloche. The elegant tight-skirted dresses and tiny-waisted coats make her movements awkward. Her evening dress makes her seem taller and bonier than she really is. And because soft colours are fashionable, she wears donkey brown; because she lives in town she chooses black. And half-tones are not kind to a fair person with an outdoor look about them. Consequently, she never looks well-dressed.

She made the mistake of ignoring her own personality. If she had chosen wide loose coats with flowing lines, in bold checks, or the season's newest plaid tartan; picked out one of the colours in the top coat for her day dress; bought a full-length evening skirt and worn it with a high-necked evening sweater in the finest rayon; and fitted herself out with town "casuals"—she would be able to stride along with the utmost confidence in her appearance. Soft large berets would look better than cloches, which are happiest on sleek hair-dos.

Instead, she totters unhappily around on her high heels, and longs for the week-end when she can climb into corduroys and forget about clothes. It all seems such a waste.

It could be simply avoided. To be one of the world's well-dressed women does not necessarily involve a great brain. It does mean good taste, unerring judgment, and, above all, restraint. Smart women are not those who buy dresses by the dozen and suits by the score, but women who plan their wardrobes with care, refuse to be side-tracked by an alluring advertisement, and ignore over-persuasive salesgirls.

Find out the colour which suits you best. Experiment with it and find out what subsidiary colours it can take. Complement it with the right make-up. If you are the tailored type, don't go in for frills and flounces. In the tropics your suit may be gabardine, sharkskin or cotton pique. In a chilly country, it will be tweed, fine woollen cloth, or plaid from the Western Isles. Choose a matching top-coat, which can be worn separately over lighter dresses, and with which you can wear a whole new set of accessories.

Illustrated here are two entirely different types of outfits. One is from the Matita spring collection. It is a suit and top coat in multi-pink, navy and gold check. The unusual zig-zag button fastening in the front of the suit is something new. The buttoning is carried through the back of the coat into the deep hemline. The hat, by John Muir, is an understated foil to the outfit.

FASHION POINTS: It is a classic suit, so would never be unfashionable. All the spring collections have made great play with buttons, ornamental and otherwise, but the fastening on this suit is the most 'out-of-the-ordinary' yet.

COMMENT: Right for any woman who wants to look elegant in town, and happy in the country.

The second is a dress and jacket ensemble in surf green light-weight lambswool, and from the Frederick Starke spring collection. The matching casual jacket introduces a tiny orange spot, which is also used for the ash of the dress.

FASHION POINTS: High collar, swathed waist - band, length-cuffed sleeves.

COMMENT: A great many women, giving one look at the elegance of the model wearing this outfit with supreme indifference, would immediately consider it quite hopeless for them. In actual fact, it would suit any woman with a waistline in the right place. The full loose jacket is always kind to hips larger than stock size; and a swathed waist-band can create quite an illusion!



Frederick Starke spring ensemble.

There's a wide range of lipstick colours

By HELEN FOLLETT

It may interest you at this season of the year, when there are complexion changes, when fashions strike a new note, to observe lipstick offerings. You may be surprised to find how many different colours there are. Also you may wonder just what shade is best for you.

Divided into types there are orange reds, clear reds, pink reds, fuchsias and orchids, brown reds, blue reds and deep wine tones that are deep blue reds. You never realised, perhaps, there were so many colours, each one distinct in its way.

The blonde should choose a pink red, as a rule, although she can get away with fuchsia if the skin has a golden cast. The brunette has a wider choice, depending upon the colour of her complexion, that can be pale, rosy, creamy or golden. For her there must be a certain amount of experimenting. The girl with the olive skin can stick to her raspberry lip tint and look ravishing.

The lipstick brush is a cute and useful little trick. Stroke the brush over the red cream, rest your finger on your chin to steady it, form pleasing curves with the brush. Follow the natural lines as closely as possible. Then fill in.

By this method you won't have untouched areas, as may happen when you pass the rosy pencil over your lips.

The slightest inaccuracy in applying colouring to the lips marks a woman as lacking fastidiousness. In daily observation one sees many untidy attempts, and that's just too bad because the most important rule in make-up and hairdo is neatness. No scrambled tresses, no smeary blushes, patchy powder applications, or uneven lip borders.

If the lips are thin, the pencil can go over the white surface ever so slightly. The colour can be fairly vivid, though fire engine red—like silver eye shadows and green mascara—is definitely out. It shows up every complexion defect and that is not according to beauty Hoyle.

That party suit and how to wear it

TWO years ago to most Englishwomen a suit was something to wear in the country. Generally speaking it had a basic shape. The skirt was pleated back and front. The jacket had high revers and was single-breasted—and the material was usually tweed.

The effect was of good material, well-tailored—but very dull. It was remarkable how unimaginative women were with their suits—and they rarely wore them in town.

Today something new is happening. Suits are being worn to informal parties. They are made from materials which hitherto were considered quite unsuitable.

Corded silks, iridescent taffetas, stiff, rich, exciting materials which lift the ordinary suit out of its rut.

Dressmaker suits with a plain jacket and soft skirt are news. Instead of the inevitable inverted pleats and grey buttons, plain grey worsted is given black, shiny, buttons, velvet collar, and a straight skirt. Jackets frequently have deep points like elongated waistcoats. Skirts have centre back or centre front fullness without hip bulk.

The new rule for suits is to have the old classic style made in new exotic materials—or to give the ordinary worsted and tweeds fresh life with unusual trimmings. Suits are no longer the hallmark of the country woman.

Several shops are now showing tailored suits to fit children from six years old. They are modified replicas of grown-up styles.

With slightly rounded shoulders, long revers, and pocket detail, they are made in grey flannel and Harris tweed. In the smaller sizes, when children have no waistline, the skirts are strapped.

The New Look for women (which is now outdated) has given new ideas to designers of children's clothes, which for years have been lacking in originality.

But now the old belted reefer coat has disappeared and tailored coats with indented waists and a centre-back fullness have taken their place.

I have even seen a miniature version of the Partisan "Tent" coat made to fit a five-year-old.

This swagger style is hung in three full pleats at the back and buttoned high up to the neck in front.

It was a utility coat in warm cherry-red cloth, and a child could wear it in cold weather without looking light and bunched.

Bird's-eye tweed in turquoise had a removable quilted lining. The brown half-collar looked like velvet, but it was actually a fine wool with a suede finish.

Children's skins chafe easily, and it is important that collars should not be made from rough and hairy tweed.

For school wear—before uniform is the rule—kilts with a "wear clean" and children drench like them.

Party dresses for children and teenagers are also in the shops now. Deep smocking on organdie or fine wool is much used.

It could not be more important than that children should like the clothes they wear. Too many children are still dressed to please their parents' vanity.

Where some parents are so misguided as to have their children's hair "permed" there are others who buy them flashy, unattractive clothes which will ruin their clothes sense when they are older.

Children of eight or nine should be allowed to choose, within reason, some of their clothes.

They will invariably want the brightest colours, the loudest checks, and the most grown-up styles, but it should not be difficult for a parent to guide a child into good taste and a lasting clothes sense.

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SUSAN DEACON



Matita classic suit and topcoat.

DUCHESS OF KENT SETS THE PACE

By PATRICIA LENNARD

FOR the last 10 years Britain has had a fast-dwindling stake among the world's best-dressed women.

This year, our most consistent representative—and now sole survivor on the list—is the Duchess of Kent.

Establishment of the Duchess of Kent as well-dressed by international standards of judgment was made in the 1930's, by her good taste, individuality, grooming and the face and figure of a model. She is about

5ft. 9in. in shoes, with a 25in. waist, 34in. hips, has glowing light chestnut hair, green-brown eyes, peach complexion.

The Duchess of Kent is always sufficiently ahead of a new fashion to make her the fashion leader, not merely "in the fashion." She has been described as the "world's best shopper" because, unlike most Royalty, she is willing to try out new firms, new faces, new ideas.

What is the Duchess of Kent wearing at present? It is evident that her feeling for afternoon dresses in tie-silk, worn with a coat, will continue this spring. Latest outfit will be a dressmaker suit in very heavy pure silk with a grained surface, in pearl grey, worn with a white lingerie blouse.

She likes soft greys, pale pinks, topraz manner for these tie-silk dresses. She often brings her jewels to the dressmaker to decide colours. Blanche Mosca makes many of her afternoon dresses, coats and soft tailored suits.

A New Fashion

Many of her tailored suits, her summer prints and evening and cocktail dresses are made by Captain Molyneux. He often sends her sketches of designs created for her. They have a dummy, made to her measurements to save time in fittings.

Even if the new season's dress collection is entirely different from the one before, she is never afraid of choosing a new fashion. And all the accessories must be suited—she never wears a piece of jewellery because it is new or valuable.

She always wears perfume, make-up and nail varnish. She has had her hair dressed by a Bond Street house in the same basic fashion for many years—centre parted, neither short nor long, with soft waves caught into curls that reveal lobes of the ears.

Simple In Design

Her shoes, made by the firm who make shoes for the rest of the Royal Family, are classically simple to the point of severity—plain slim court shoes, size 6½, for town wear, slightly pointed, with moderate heels, no buckles, no bits. For country wear—lace-up shoes; and she prefers nylons.

Her handbags are simple in design, fabulous in material: they are often made of the finest black antelope, fairly big, but never bulky, with handles that go over the arm, and gold frames and fittings.

If there is a clasp, it is made of something like jade or amber, and the Duchess likes her coronetted initial on the bag.

In jewellery, she prefers to wear her pearl drop earrings set with diamonds, and a double string of pearls.

For day wear, she likes semi-precious stone clips or brooches, worn with pearls; she prefers sapphires to other precious stones, necklaces in all jewellery pieces, and usually wears diamonds only at night.

The Duchess often wears furs with her tailored suits, likes mink best. Her furrier is remodelling a mink coat of hers into a three-quarter coat with a swinging back and has lent her a similar model from stock to wear until her own coat is ready.

In her current wardrobe, the essentials are simplicity of design, with detail, unusual colours and accessories ringing the changes. She does not like fussiness.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

The Right Accessories For a Room

By ELEANOR ROSS

MORE and more, room accessories are receiving the same careful selection as the large pieces and the rug when it comes to doing a room. We've seen many a simple room with furniture and floor coverings of simple type made beautiful by carefully chosen, colourful, harmonious accessories, and just enough of them to be right.

Of course, to be at their best, accessories should be acquired gradually, in order to allow time to find just the right object for the right spot, and to carry out the mood of the room. Plants, mirrors, well-chosen pictures, clocks, give a room a lived-in look without which even the finest furniture and appointments mean little.

Built-in bookshelves are best for books, since the shelves are generally placed and sized to accord with the architectural features of the room.

Books should be arranged with due thought for their size and colour. The largest books belong on the lower shelves, as do the darkest books, which should be placed towards the ends of the shelves. Books of the same colour look well massed together. Use colourful paper jackets if you want colour on your bookshelves.

If your living room has a fireplace, do right by it and choose equipment to tone with the type of fireplace and the room. If you can't find what you want, stick to plain, andrions, togs, scrubs, firegreen and such. If brass, polish and then lacquer to keep polish bright.

Decorative Screen

A screen can prove a blessing to a room, especially if the room has to serve many purposes, for, like a mirror, a screen is as useful as it is decorative. We have seen a simple room transformed into a thing of beauty by a six-fold screen of colourful Chinese lacquer, which, by the way, was picked up at an auction for the proverbial song. For a modern touch, there are handsome screens of mirror glass. In summer, a simple white painted shutter screen is cool and inviting. Ply-board screens are inexpensive or can be easily made, then it is easy to cover the panels to make the screen a perfect addition to the room.

Clocks should be chosen with care. Dainty little porcelain clocks look out of keeping in a heavy interior, and, by the same token, a Colonial type clock would be wrong in a modern decor, while some of the clocks done in the modern feeling are so good that they can take away the hours nicely in almost any interior. Unless for use in an elaborate room, steer away from the clock that is large and over-ornamented. There is such a wide choice of clocks now, and prices are fairly reasonable for the wide selection offered, that it should be possible to find just the right clock at the right price.

Graceful Jewel Chest



By ALICE AIDEN

A DESIGNER of fine costume jewellery really has ideas about a beautiful jewel box. To house such items as a fine single strand pearl necklace, a handsome necklace set with amethysts and pearls in a floral design, suspended from a thin gold cobra coil, with matching bracelet and earrings, you can buy a fine copy of an ancient Chinese chest in simulated ivory and teakwood. It has three compartments lined with white satin. This is one of the nicest costume items created this season by designers and manufacturers.



NICOTINED FINGERS aren't attractive, so hold your cigarette up, not down, when smoking. And here's a safety tip: sparks can ruin your nylons.

• Make Your Next An Hors D'Oeuvres Party

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

THE plan for your party came to me in a most unusual way. One day the Chef appeared in the doorway of my study. "Madame," he announced with his most impressive air, "we have been invited by the American Culinary Federation to be the guests at the rehearsal dinner of Les Amis d'Escoffier, to be prepared personally by my friend, Francis Moreau, Chef de Cuisine of the Hotel Roosevelt."

"What a wonderful invitation!" I exclaimed. The Chef beamed. "I must add that Madame will be the only lady to be invited. Les Amis d'Escoffier society was founded, as you know, to perpetuate the memory of the great culinary master, Auguste Escoffier, and is strictly limited to noble members of the culinary profession, gastronomes, and connoisseurs."

"I'm simply delighted to accept this invitation and to meet these great authorities," I said. "I understand their aim is to promote a greater knowledge and appreciation of the art of fine eating. I am sure we shall have the opportunity of

tasting many delightful foods that will be of interest to our readers." Our expectations were completely realized that evening. The opening service of aperitifs and hot and cold hors d'oeuvres was exceptional. Here, I decided, is an excellent suggestion for my readers for their entertaining: an Hors D'Oeuvres Party. The menu to include aperitifs, plus orange and tomato juice; paper-daily covered trays full of interesting and different hot and cold hors d'oeuvres and canapés; and coffee with petit fours (little cakes).

Buffet Style

The canapés should be arranged on bread or toast and may be made ahead of time. Many hot hors d'oeuvres can be made ahead ready to reheat, such as little pastry bouchées (or tiny covered tarts) filled with minced crabs, crab-meat, tuna, chicken or ham, or with cheese. Baked stuffed oysters or clams on the shell can be ready to brown at serving time, and are eaten with toothpicks. Serve dark coloured hors d'oeuvres in white paper cups, and light coloured hors d'oeuvres in dark brown paper cups. The service should be informal buffet style, the guests taking plates and helping themselves to an assortment, with the hostess or a friend occasionally passing a trayful.

Now for a valuable suggestion expressed by the culinary authorities: the dinner. Make all hors d'oeuvres or canapés small, literally bouchées or mouthfuls. A few kinds, well chosen, and presenting contrasting flavours, is better than too great a variety.

Some Selections

Here are several selections from the hors d'oeuvres we tasted. Anchovies: Alouette (Mushrooms): Anchovy fillets rolled in thin rich pastry, baked and served hot.

Sausage Patties: Tiny balls of cooked sausage meat nested in very small rich pastry cases.

Cheese Sticks: A thick filling of grated sharp cheddar, cream cheese, cottage cheese and grated Parmesan, shaped into little "fingers" rolled in beaten egg, then in crumbs and deep fried.

Salami Canes: Thin slices salami wrapped cornucopia style around short ends of grated soft cheddar cheese mixed with chopped hard cooked eggs and minced chives.

Olive-Bacon Bouchées: Narrow strips of bacon wrapped around stuffed olives and broiled.

Savoury Custards (in quiche): Line a pie plate or square pan with rich piecrust. Make a custard as follows and bake 35 minutes in a medium oven, 375 F. Serve hot or cold, cut in small squares. To make the custard: Fine-chop 2 medium-sized mild onions, and slow-fry in 3 tbs. butter, ¼ lb. fine-diced cooked bacon, ½ c. grated Swiss cheese. Add 2 beaten egg yolks, ¼ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper and 2 cups milk.

Canapés

Baked Oysters or Clams in the Shell: Season with a little lemon juice and a drop of tabasco, add a few tiny bits of bacon, cover with fine dry crumbs mixed with a little minced parsley and broil.

As to Canapés: The toppings may include lobster, salmon and blonier paste, mixed with a little butter and lemon juice; cream cheese with sliced radishes; sharp soft cheese with minced olives; sardines in tomato mashed with cream cheese, and minced chicken-nut-salad spread. Decorate the canapés with a choice of chopped hard cooked eggs, grated carrots, sliced pickles, capers and sliced olives.

★ IF YOU SMOKE ★

By FRANCES FOX

SMOKING is a pleasant way to relax, and more women are smoking today than ever before. But there are still some people who don't smoke, and because they are in the minority they are often made uncomfortable by those who don't observe the rules of good smoking etiquette.

If you are a smoker, you can avoid offending others if you'll just follow these smoking "don'ts." First of all, don't smoke on a train except in the car designated for the purpose. The same often holds true of crowded rooms. And if a lot of people are smoking in the room, empty ash trays frequently, for the aroma of old cigarettes is unpleasant.

Nicotine-stained fingers aren't a mark of good grooming, so avoid holding the lighted end of your cigarette pointed down as this permits smoke to filter through your fingers.

Extinguish all cigarettes carefully. Smouldering butts annoy the non-smoker and fill the room with an unpleasant smell. And never use anything but an ash tray to put out your cigarette. Ask your hostess for one, rather than use a tea cup or the waste basket.

Be careful about letting the end of your cigarette that's in your mouth get soggy and sloppy. One way to avoid this is to smoke a cigarette made of wet-proof paper.

Finally—and this may be something you do unconsciously—don't blow smoke in anyone's face.



BLOWING SMOKE in a non-smoker's face is a bad habit you may have without knowing it. Be careful to hold your cigarette away from her face, too.

Teach A Child To Create And Not To Destroy

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

I THINK I was about the first psychologist to point out that when a child creates he does just the opposite of what he does when he destroys. It's somewhat amazing that in all the literature exalting the value of creative activity, programmes at school, in clubs and in other groups of children, the character and citizenship values have not been given a bigger place. While co-operative play with other children has been emphasised, care of property has not.

Have you observed the tender, careful attitude of an adult towards some piece of handiwork, or she has made it a rule, the more time and skill employed in this achievement the more precious it becomes to its maker.

Colours A Picture

When the tot draws and colours a picture of his own choosing, builds something from blocks, constructs something however crude from paper, cardboard, wood, clay or any other material, he tends to handle what he has made carefully. As he grows older and has made more progress, he tends to grow even more careful of his toils.

The little child who enjoys hearing certain stories and rhymes over and over develops a tenderness towards the book from which they are read. Children read to from before they are two years old. Unlike their enter school, will be hardy careless and destructive of books. And remember that as a child listens eagerly to his favourite rhymes and stories he is doing considerable creating. Then as he chooses to make up some of his own, probably using some of the stuff of these old stories, he continues to gain a more tender feeling toward books.

Observe the lot from two to five at make-believe, serving you tea from real, symbolic or imaginary dishes, or playing at pretence with other children, or enjoying his toy animals or dolls. How quietly and carefully he handles objects then. Except at violent play like "Cops and Robbers" there is no running, pushing, hitting—and no roughhousing. Also when the child from four to six or seven is sawing, cutting, pasting, or painting he does not often merely dwell on the activity. He doesn't merely saw, pound, cut, paste, draw or paint. Each activity has a purpose for him. He is making something. And if we adults appreciate his crudest creations, just see how much we stimulate him to go on creating.

Fortunate is the older boy and girl who has a workshop with ample tools, who spends many hours making things for fun.

A Workshop

Guided well from early years, the older child may gradually develop a workshop in the attic, basement or garage where he will enjoy making things until he grows up. Then when he has a family of his own he may help his own children develop a workshop.

To this end it requires parents with understanding and patience and a zeal to find a place for the growing child to make things. Even in a house of a few rooms, a corner of the kitchen or another room may be used by this child. There are a number of good books and magazines full of suggestions of things for younger and older children to make and do for fun.

Let us arrange

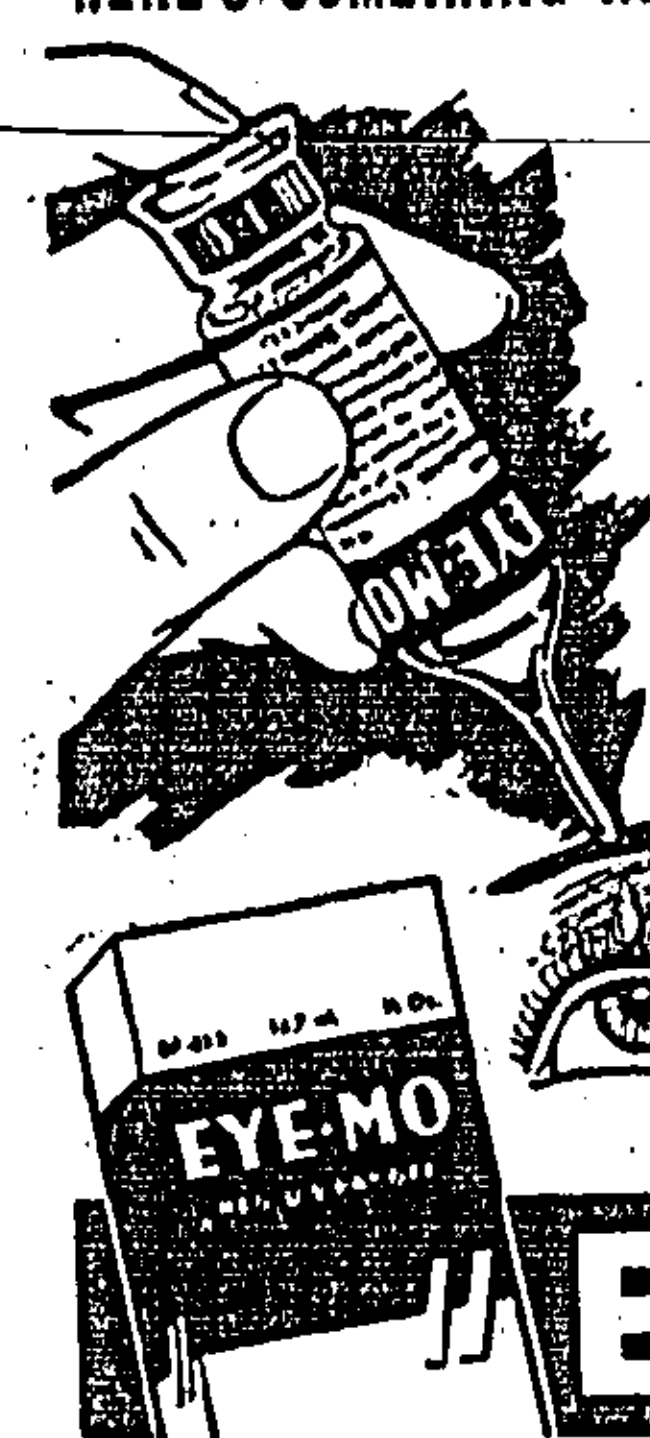
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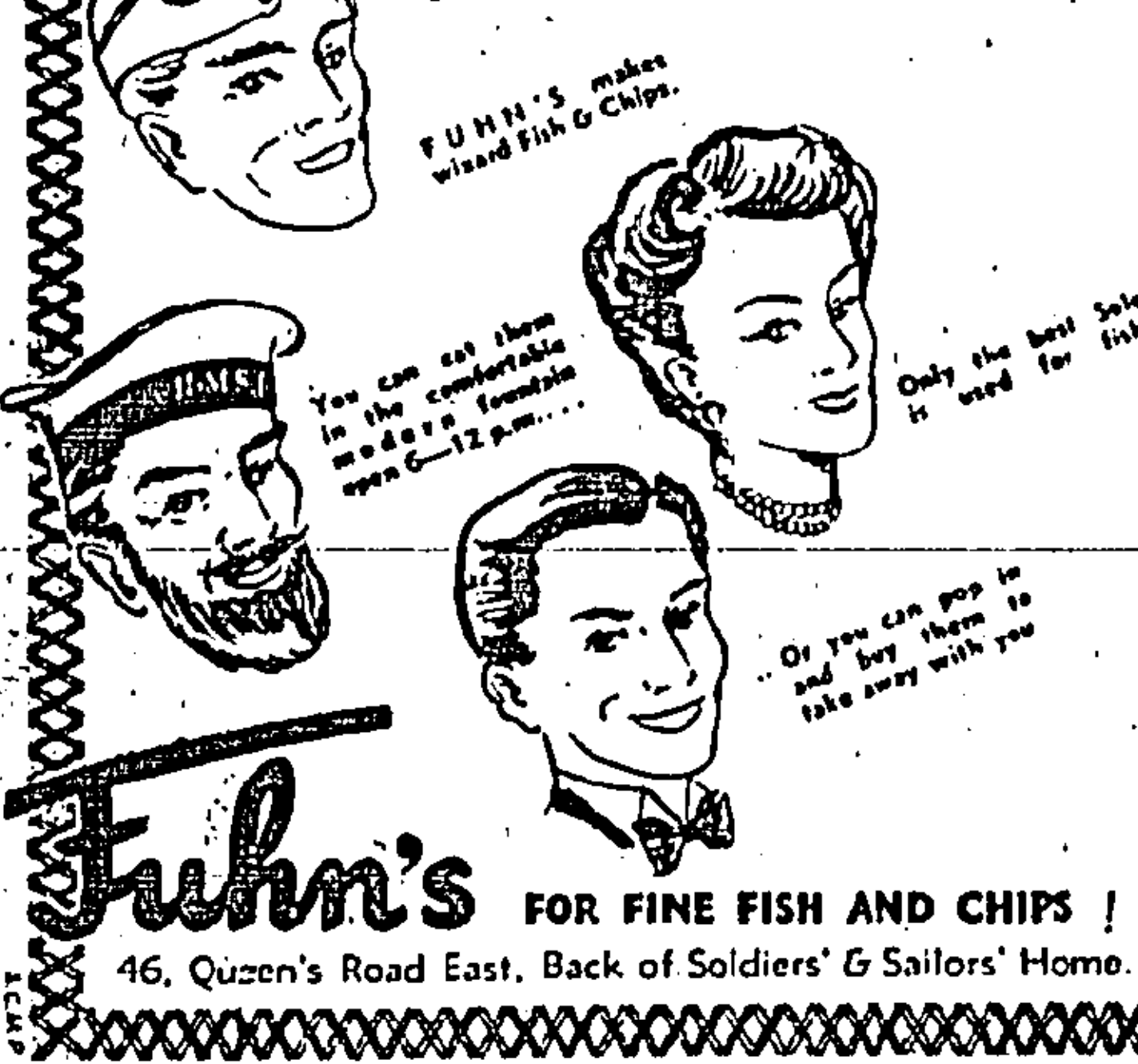
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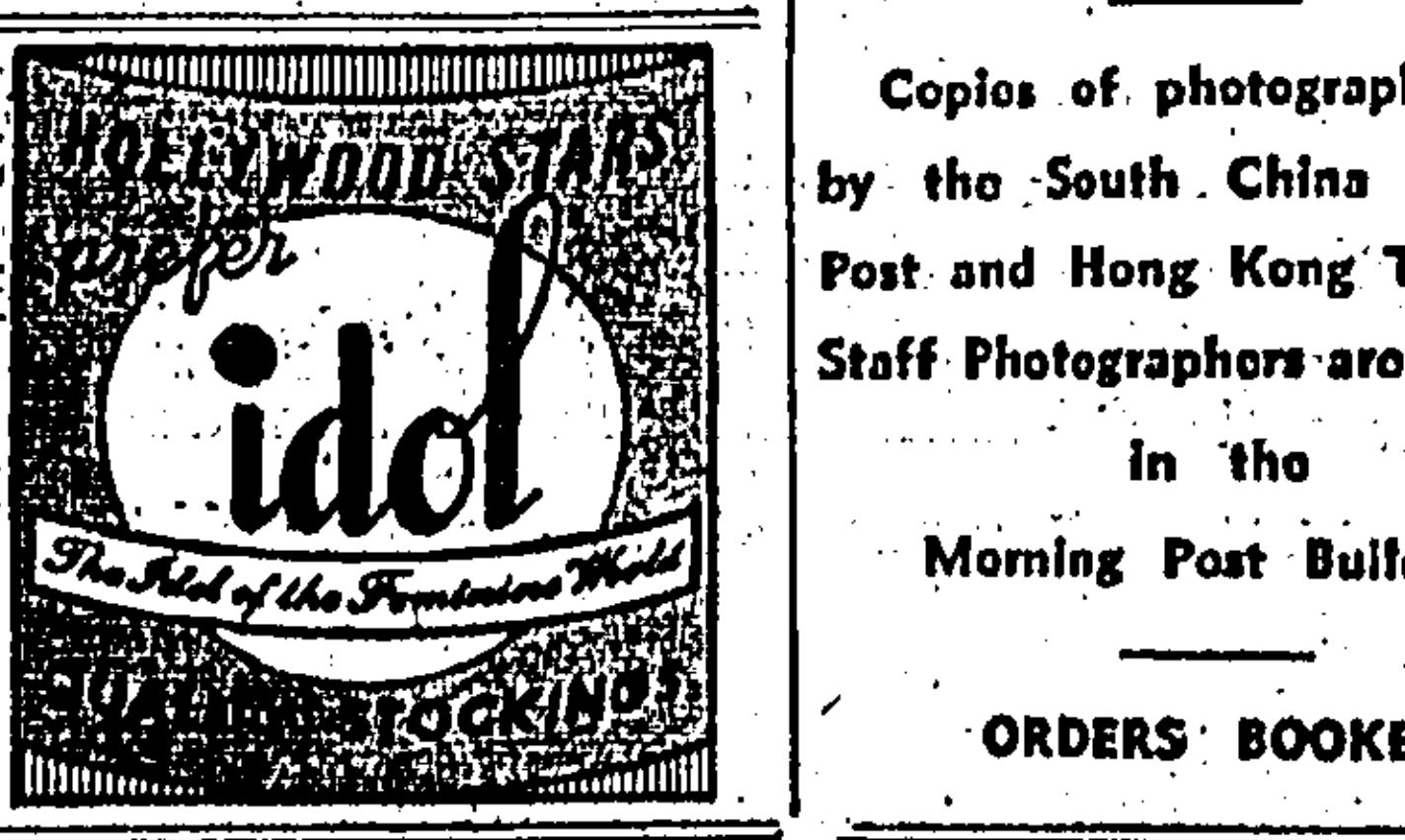
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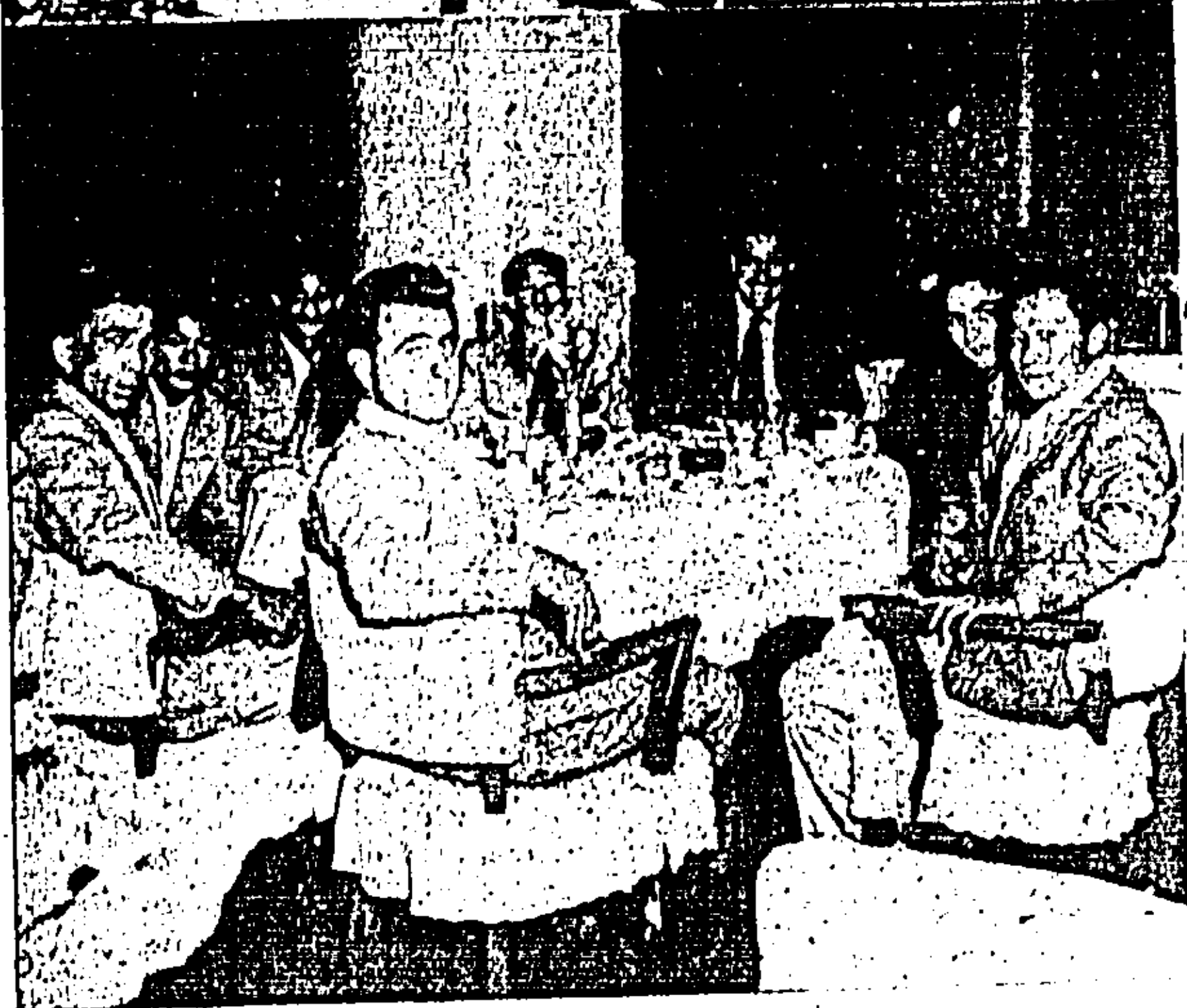
ORDERS BOOKED.



FOOTBALL during the Chinese New Year holidays was highlighted by the visit of the Interport team from Saigon. Above at left, Mr A. Goldmann, manager of the Saigon team, speaks at the interport dinner held at the Hongkong Hotel. Immediately above Mamosa, one of the visitors, entertains with a song after the dinner. Left: Some of the visitors entertained to tea. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP taken on the occasion of a Chinese New Year dinner given at the Golden City Restaurant by Mr B. C. Lam, managing proprietor of Yuen Loong 'Hong, in honour of Mr and Mrs S. K. Yee, Mr and Mrs D. C. Davis, Mr and Mrs Kwok Chan, Mr and Mrs S. H. Ash, and Mr and Mrs M. W. Turner. (Francis Wu)



BOXING of a high standard was seen at the RAF-Police tournament held at the China Fleet Club last week, when the airmen won six out of ten bouts. Here are moments from two of the fights. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A large crowd attended the Chinese New Year's Eve dance held at the Kowloon Cricket Club. On the left is a picture taken during the evening. Above are seen Mr and Mrs F. A. Winyard and party, and below are Mr and Mrs A. C. Tribble and a party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr Tsang Tin-wei and Miss Choy Shuk-tin, who were married at the Hongkong Hotel recently. (Francis Wu)




A cocktail party to celebrate Chinese New Year was given by Messrs A. Wing. Above and below are two pictures taken on the occasion. In centre of group below is Mr Leung Chik-sang, manager of A. Wing. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Wah Yan College Past Students' Association held their annual dance at the Hongkong Hotel on Tuesday. Top picture shows Mr and Mrs Henry Chan and party, and lower group shows Mr Ko Fook-sun, President of the Association, with a party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



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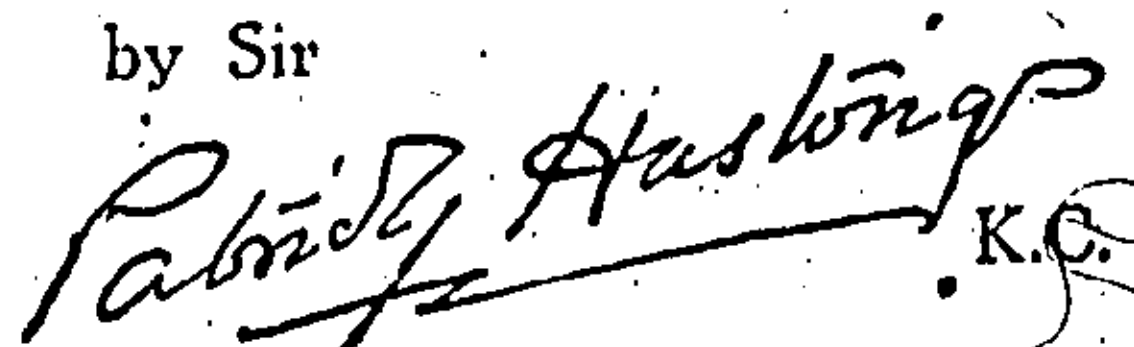
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CONCLUDING SIR PATRICK HASTINGS' REMINISCENCES:

When Ramsay MacDonald let his friend down

by Sir



WE were a remarkable Government, MacDonald was, of course, Prime Minister. Many pictures have been given of him, some of fulsome admiration and some of virulent abuse. Both do him an injustice.

He did great service to his country at a very difficult time, and his very human faults have been much exaggerated.

I think perhaps the harshest criticism that could be made upon him is that he was not always loyal to his friends.

Lord Haldane was perhaps the most curious personality in the Government. He was one of those curious figures who take high office but allege that they do so only in the public interest.

He became Lord Chancellor in order to control the Labour Government and all its members. He was a great lawyer, but personally, I always found him pugnacious.

After Haldane, Arthur Henderson was the most experienced member of the Government.

To the whole party he was "Uncle Arthur"; to all of us he was not always as kind as a father, but was certainly a very wise uncle.

I never succeeded in knowing him very well; perhaps that is why I never liked him very much.

A natural statesman

Of Jimmy Thomas I can speak only with affection. I think he was the nearest approach to a natural statesman that we possessed.

He was ever asked to select the quality in him which appealed most strongly to me, I should choose his unflinching loyalty to his friends.

No doubt he had his faults; but then, who hasn't?

MacDonald appointed me Attorney-General.

It might be fair to describe the efforts of the first Labour Government as a great adventure. It consisted of an untold body of men, travelling in an unknown land, and surrounded by countless enemies.

I know that they tried their best, but from the outset it was obvious that they could not last long.

It was perhaps the irony of fate that I, probably the only member of the Government not particularly anxious to be in it, should have been so largely instrumental in its downfall.

In any event, that episode filled me with a very deep resentment against many people at the time, and it has had a lasting effect upon my whole political outlook.

Prosecution of a Communist

At the end of the summer an incident occurred upon which the police considered, and, in my view, and upon the facts then known to them rightly considered, it proper to take criminal proceedings in respect of an article which had appeared in a Communist publication called the Workers' Weekly, the editor of which had been under observation for some time.

The consent of the Attorney-General was required before those proceedings could be commenced, and the article was submitted to me. I read it, and, as it seemed to afford ground for proceedings, I gave the necessary consent.

A few days later a member asked a question in the House on the subject of the prosecution, and I read the printed answer which, according to the usual practice, had been prepared for me.

To my intense surprise the whole matter, which up to that time I had completely forgotten, appeared to arouse deep indignation. As I had no information in my possession which could possibly justify this outburst, I immediately required that the fullest information as to the prosecution should be given to me.

Distinguished war record

The result was certainly rather remarkable. It transpired that the editor, who was a well-known Communist, and who had been supposed to be the author or at least responsible for the article, happened to be away ill or was not in the office at the time of the publication, and his place had been taken for a few days by a man named Campbell, who had, in fact, copied the article from some other paper.

Campbell was quite a young man, with a most distinguished record during the war; he had been severely wounded, indeed had appeared in court somewhat crippled by his wounds, and he had been decorated for exceptional gallantry on the field; he was truly a young man who had served his country well.

It must have been obvious to any fair-minded person that a prosecution for political views, however extreme, entails the consideration of a great many elements, not the least important being the personality and antecedents of the individual to be charged.

From the information which I received as the result of my inquiries, it appeared clear beyond all words that this young man with his record was the very last person whom any authority should select as the subject of their first prosecution against Communism.

In 1922 Sir Patrick Hastings became Labour member of Parliament for Wallsend. In 1923 he was re-elected when, as he writes, "moved by what I can only feel to be a very sporting spirit, the electors decided to return the Labour Party as the strongest individual party in the country."

Indeed, if at the outset these facts had been known to the police, I need hardly say that the prosecution would never have been commenced. I felt that an unfortunate mistake had been made and that the proper and immediate course was to request the magistrate's permission to withdraw the prosecution.

I still remain of precisely the same opinion.

The cry was raised that the Government was over-riding the law; suggestions were made that the Cabinet was interfering with justice.

Lord Birkenhead wrote long articles; Sir John Simon made impassioned speeches. Finally, Kingsley Wood, always an astute politician, moved the adjournment of the House. The psychological moment had arrived.

From that moment the whole position was quite clear; we were to be turned out.

If the Conservatives and Liberals could agree upon a vote of censure, the defeat of the Government was a foregone conclusion.

'Never asked me for facts'

The subsequent history of that which came to be known as the Campbell case, and which ultimately resulted in the fall of the Labour Government, is, of course, a matter of record, but there were some elements in it which affected me so deeply that they may be worth recording.

Of my opponents I should wish to speak with every possible reserve.

I am quite prepared to think that some of them believed that the motion against the Government could properly be launched; and some lack of candour upon the part of the Prime Minister may have strengthened that belief.

But what I have never been able to understand, and what for a long

time I was unable to forgive, was that nobody ever asked me to tell them the whole facts before embarking upon their attack.

The main Opposition speakers were distinguished lawyers; every one of them had been my personal friend for over 20 years.

Nothing in the world would have made me question the activities of any one of them without first of all asking them personally if they would wish to disabuse my mind of any possible doubt.

The fact that the matter was political would not have made the faintest difference to me. But it did to them.

Not one of them ever asked me a single question; not one of them ever approached me.

It was that simple fact which left me with a sense of bitterness which remained for many years.

Case of elastic memory

The case of my own Prime Minister was rather different.

In his case also I would desire to speak with great reserve. He was naturally anxious and worried, but he was most unfortunate in some of the early observations in the House; indeed, in his anxiety to extricate himself his memory was just a shade elastic.

On one occasion he solemnly informed the House that he was not even aware that I had decided to withdraw the prosecution, which was quite untrue, as I had given him the information myself.

As time went on the affair became even more complicated. Shortly before the day when the debate was to take place, the editor of a daily paper came to see me.

He said that the Minister had made an amazing statement to one of his reports in the *Los Angeles* to the effect that he was proposing to ask the Attorney-General for his resignation.

He wanted to know if it was true. I told him it was a lie. I had not seen MacDonald for some days, as I had made up my mind that when I addressed the House of Commons I should be in a position to state that I had not

discussed the Campbell prosecution with any member of the Government.

That night I saw MacDonald in his room and told him what the editor had reported to me. I asked him if there was any truth in it. Jimmy Thomas was in the room, and was obviously dumbfounded at the suggestion.

MacDonald was ill at ease, and obviously unprepared for such a question.

For a moment or two he talked on other matters. It was Jimmy Thomas who suggested that he might answer the question.

MacDonald then said that there had been some misunderstanding; he said that he had evolved in his mind an ingenious idea which might solve all his difficulties.

He suggested that I should take all the responsibility upon myself, which I reminded him I had always done, and that I should then resign; that he would insist upon my immediately seeking re-election, and that all the members of the Cabinet should show their unbounded confidence in me by coming down to my constituency and speaking for me at the by-election.

I confess that for a moment I was too much taken aback to think of a suitable reply. Jimmy Thomas did it for me.

"Mac," he said, "that's a damned dirty trick!" And he added a few of those adjectives which anyone who knew Jimmy well would have expected.

He was full of apologies

Poor MacDonald! I could not help being sorry for him. He was full of apologies, and said it was merely a suggestion which had crossed his mind, and begged me to forget that he had ever mentioned it.

He said he was much perturbed because I had not discussed with him the speech that I was going to make in the House, and asked me to let him have a copy of it.

I told him I had never in my life written out a speech, so I could not let him have a copy.

I pointed out to him that as everyone seemed to be under suspicion it was far better that each of us should state the facts exactly as he knew them untrammelled by any consultation; but I warned him of one fact: I reminded him of certain statements which he had already made in the House, and told him that I should not be able to support them.

It might be desirable that he should withdraw such statements as he had made which were not in accordance with the facts before the debate commenced.

On that not very friendly note I left him, and that was the last time I ever had a personal conversation with MacDonald.

THE END

THE AIRBORNE BUCCANEERS

by SYDNEY SMITH

SINGAPORE.

HE wears no patch over his eye, nor pistol in his belt. His gold he does not bury on desert islands. But he is richer, brisker, and, with elegance, tougher than his gold-earringed, rumswilling forefathers.

He's the new airborne buccaneer of the South-East Asian seas—the carrier of cargoes from the world's richest mine of Allied war surplus weapons to one of the world's most gun-hungry markets, stretching 2,000 miles from Manila to Mandalay.

The airborne buccaneers, mainly American ex-army pilots and Australians, with a sprinkling of British, are just now finding that Singapore—their main commercial centre for buying, selling, and hiring where they were the king spivs among a regular colourful collection of other adventures—is becoming too hot for them.

Four tons of new Bren guns from the Philippines were recently ordered by the Singapore police, through a careless sales agent.

POLICE LAUNCH

IN the lagoon of a quiet little Dutch island near Singapore, a British police launch waited by appointment for the arms load.

According to contract, the launch was crammed with petrol drums, to retail the smugglers' flying-boat. The drums were heavy and full—of water. Outside they had been well sprayed with petrol.

The smugglers checked the petrol drums first, and they smiled good. Then they allowed the police, a scruffy-looking, piratical-seeming gang, to take safe delivery of the Brens.

And, within a few minutes, of the flying-boat and its British and American crew. Someone in the Philippines lost a £100,000 gamble on that flight.

The result is that the flying smugglers—especially eight Americans, Australian, and British, now known and wanted—are particularly scarce around these parts.

One hears of them only in the bars they used to frequent: "Well, old So-and-so's still sitting tight in Bangkok," and "I bet old What's-his-name isn't coming back from Manila this time." That is one of the safer bets.

Prices are still quoted in Singapore. A Dakota with a Philippine certificate of airworthiness costs £3,500 to £5,000, and no questions. A Catalina flying-boat is about £1,000 dearer unless it has an Australian certificate. That costs another £1,000.

No one knows what a European pilot, now in prison in Burma, paid for his Italian-registered Dakota, seized by the Rangoon Government. It was probably a bargain for anyone prepared to gamble on a quick fortune, prison, or sudden death.

For the more modest ancillary smuggling routes ex-British and American M.T.B.s, converted with Diesel engines to give 22 knots cost only £2,000 to £3,000.

Current wholesale arms prices in Singapore work out from £35 for a new American Colt to £120 for a new Bren gun.

The airborne buccaneers are paid an average of only £100 a month retainer, but up to 20 percent of each cargo value. This can mean a happy retirement after two full-scale successful arms trips.

LANDINGS

DELIVERIES, except in Burma and French Indo-China, where the various rebels have fairly good air strips, are made mostly by flying-boat in quiet river estuaries or in calm, palm-fringed coral outcrops. From there, speedboats take over the cargo.

The main buyers and smugglers of arms have been the Indonesians—Republicans as well as Communists—in Java and Sumatra, the Burmese and Indo-Chinese rebel groups—and some people think that the 30,000 Chinese Communists in Siam have also been seeing to their ordnance.

The main arms sources are in the Philippines, focal point of the great wartime Pacific arms dumps. The Philippines Government forces are also being supplied with new American arms, on the condition that old stocks are dumped in the sea.

Cases of something certainly are being dumped in the sea. Yet 1,300 miles away in Malaya's jungles Communist bandit gangs are regularly using American-made automatic carbines and Thompson sub-machine guns.

The subsidiary large-scale smuggling of opium, precious stones, and gold bullion, some of which have come from Australia—is directly related to the need of the revolutionary groups for foreign currency for their propaganda, and for arms buying.

Proof that this form of smuggling—which has largely included tons of forged Dutch, Indonesian, Hongkong, and Malaya notes printed in Singapore—is a political significance, related to arms deals, is being discovered now by the Dutch police in Java.

POLITICAL?

FOLLOWING up information from the British authorities in Singapore on the smuggling of gold, precious stones, and foreign currency by air through Singapore, the Dutch police say they are uncovering a widely spread organisation "of enormous proportions." They believe it to have been operating in South-East Asia for at least two years.

The Dutch information says that the organisation is mainly concerned with cash profits but "has a political background of international nature."

They have so far avoided using the word "communism," but they are making it clear that their discoveries so far are of equal importance to Java and the Dutch, and Malaya and the British.

It is already known to both intelligence services that, up to the beginning of the emergency in Malaya in June, the Indonesians had been using Malaya not only as a training ground but as a route for arms sold to them by a group of Siamese Army officers.

KING SPIV

ALL this is why the young airborne buccaneer, a fresh-faced and rather naive young adventurer—over 20, with a gleam in his eye and a dangerous character around this part of the world.

King spiv as he is, he would deny the political aspect of his adventures with wide-eyed and genuine astonishment.

Yet he is not merely flying high for the swift profit of himself and his Eurasian, Philippine, Indonesian, and Chinese dealers. He is flying most of the time for what the British Army in Malaya, with discreet military avoidance of political tags, carefully calls "The Enemy."

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



C.V.R. Thompson
Good, but too true

NEW YORK.
A TRIAL to decide whether or not America will outlaw its home-grown Communist Party has begun in New York.

The 12 defendants came to face the high-sounding charge that they plotted to overthrow President Truman.

An army of 400 armed police, some on horseback, some on motorcycles and some on foot, surrounded the courthouse.

But when this trial of America's Communist leaders will actually begin is questionable.

The reason—the difficulty of finding 12 men to judge them.

Easy, indeed, would be the task of picking 12 jurors who are anti-Communist. But the defence has the right to ban anyone who is prejudiced.

And as they ploughed through the names of the good burghers of New York they could find no one who would admit to an open "mind" on Communism.

So it may take days and even weeks before the trial of the century reaches its first witness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Six bottles of beer or six ounces of full-strength whisky are enough, says a Chicago report, to make the average American drunk; American motorists used up 30,000 million gallons of petrol last year.

TELEVISION sets to spot shop-lifters will soon be available to American department stores.

FRIGHTENED by the slump in new car orders, one Detroit firm alone is spending £250,000 to show off its 1949 models in style in New York.

A ROW among President Truman's economic advisers over Nationalisation has come into the open.

Dr Edwin Nourse, boss economist, announced that he disagrees with his assistant, Leon Keyserling, that the Government should enter the steel business if private enterprise does not produce enough.

Where the row became known—at New York's Harmony Club.

PRICE index for 500 items, including many on the cost of living list, shows that prices have nearly reached the low level of last February. And they are still dropping.

TELLING TALES of the world we live in...

WINSTON Churchill stood before the peerly gates on Judgment Day awaiting the awesome summons. Near him were the arch-opponents of his way of life—Adolf Hitler, and Joseph Stalin.

"Now boys," said Gabriel, "before you are judged, I shall give you a final wish. Adolf?"

"I wish that Russia may be forever and totally destroyed," Gabriel turned to Stalin: "Well, Joe?"

Said Stalin: "I wish that Germany may be forever and totally destroyed."

"Churchill?" Churchill took the big black cigar out of his mouth, and said: "Do you mean to tell me that those two wishes have actually come true?"

"Why, certainly," said Gabriel. "A pause, then—Make a mine, brandy and soda," said Churchill.

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previously announced for Sunday, 13th February, is POSTPONED.

Another date will be announced later.

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FOOTBALL

SPOTLIGHT IS BACK ON THE LEAGUE

The Second half of the league fixture list is now in full swing again, after disruption by Shield and Interport games. Return matches, in which strong attempts to reverse previous results must be expected, provide the chief items of interest in the Senior Division.

In the Second Division the struggle for the junior championship gains increasing interest and momentum. There are two very "needle" junior games this week-end; Army (K.L.) v. South China and Kowloon Motor Buses v. Chinese Athletic.

At Boundary Street this afternoon, the Army's First Division side renews the battle with Chinese Athletic. In their last meeting at Sdkunpoo in October the two teams left the field with the score at 4-all. Another fast, exciting match may be expected today.

The Army only just got the better of KMB a fortnight ago, and they will still find the Athletic a tough and wary proposition. The Caroline Hill match, between South China "B" and Kowloon Motor Buses renews memories of the two clubs' Shield battle, rather than the heavy defeat which KMB inflicted on South China "B" in Kowloon on October 9.

Confound the critics and current form, cheered to the echo by enthusiastic supporters, South China "B" swept to victory against their more renowned opponents, more on a wave of exhilaration than anything else. Nevertheless, KMB will probably win today's game.

Tomorrow's Caroline Hill match, in which the Police will take the field with hopes of wiping off the memories of the 6-1 defeat which they suffered from Eastern at Kowloon, should be a good game. The Police have made changes and improvements in their team since October.

The Navy and Kitchener, who meet again at Causeway Bay tomorrow, had an eight goal result in their last encounter. Kitchener won 5-3.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STRUGGLE

Far more interesting than the already decided First Division championship, is the stirring struggle for junior league honours. Chinese Athletic and South China top the table with 25 points, but each has played more matches than KMB and Army (Kowloon).

The issue may be narrowed a little this week-end, Chinese Athletic will do well to get one point from their match with KMB tomorrow. The junior busmen are going great guns. Victory for KMB would narrow things considerably. Victory for CAA would much establish their place at the head of the table.

Because of this, Army (Kowloon's) game with South China becomes one of the most important fixtures of the week-end. The match is at Gun Club Hill (Chatham Road) this afternoon (kick-off 2.30) and promises to be one of the most thrilling games of the week-end. South China have faltered twice in recent league games. As Junior Shield holders, they are concerned also with maintaining their strength for the next round Army (Kowloon), on the other hand, are still enjoying tip-top form. The soldiers get a fair amount of football, and will enjoy a good deal of support from the townships. This game should be worth watching. Indeed.



Maureen's Husband Tells The News

Maureen Gardner (Mrs Geoff Dyson), Britain's brilliant 20-year-old hurdler, is expecting a baby in the summer. Her husband, who is chief coach to the Amateur Athletic Association, announced this when he also gave details of the circumstances of an inquiry the Women's Amateur Athletic Association are making into Mrs Dyson's amateur status.

The Women's AAA discussed the matter a fortnight ago but it is understood, no decision was reached. The question arose over advertising matter linking Miss Gardner's name with a track suit. The attention of the Women's Association was drawn to this by the British Amateur Athletic Board.

'NO PAYMENT'

Mr Dyson said: Maureen received no payment of any kind and did not transgress any rules in agreeing to have a picture taken for the track suits.

"While she gave permission for the picture, she did not give permission for the caption, and the firm are communicating with the Women's AAA to confirm that she did not."

"Under our rules, Maureen could, in fact, have given permission for her name and record to appear with the picture. This has shown a discrepancy between International May 1's

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

Fred Or Joe?

Is Fred Davis now as good a snooker player as brother Joe? There were the signs in the recent handicap competition when Fred won 30 frames to Joe's 35—but conceded two frames to make Joe the competition winner.

Fred is younger. His style is like Joe's, and there are times when either brother might be building the same break.

Good judges place Joe below his pre-war form despite his recent world record break of 141. Fred has improved a great deal, and is now playing better than ever. Difference between them has narrowed to one black in a game with Fred accepting the star.

"Whenever Fred plays an awkward ball, he pots it," says Joe. "If that goes on, the gap should soon close."

GEOGRAPHY NEEDED

Henry Cotton tells me he is running the second Championship of the world at Monte Carlo Golf Club next month. Holder of the men's title is former English champion Harry Bentley.

This event allows players "with a handicap up to 10 to compete. Some of them last year gave the scratch players a shock, because local knowledge is a great advantage on this tricky course."

Holder of the women's title is Mrs G. Style, who later went on to win the Surrey championship.

CHIP-SHOTS

Roger Wethered (after losing the first four holes, and recovering): I stopped the rot with a four at the short fifth.

Alfred Padgham (asked to give some hints on golf): I should like some myself.

THE MANNION SERIAL

"Fair Play" (somewhere I seem to have seen this pseudonym before) challenges my colleague, Harold Palmer, on his suggestion that low-placed Middlesbrough may not be keen to let still-lower placed Aston leave Wulf Mannion, even for £25,000, because Mannion might help to bring Villa up the League table, and so bring Middlesbrough down.

"Personally," writes this particular Fair Play (who lives at Buckhurst Hill, Essex), "I think that if Middlesbrough refused the transfer on these grounds it would be defeating the spirit of sportsmanship of which the old country is so proud."

Well, well, it's a hard world. I don't know that Middlesbrough would sink so low. But it's a different town nowadays from the one I used to inhabit.



MAUREEN in her track-suit

rules, which forbid the inclusion of such details with a picture, and our own.

"As a result, the British Amateur Board is amending its rules from May 1's

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



SOFTBALL CHATTER

By "SPECTATOR"

NOT AN UPSET IN THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME

There was not an upset in the Chinese New Year holiday softball. There was, however, more than enough of heads-up ball-playing to satisfy everyone. With sound, yet brilliant, defence and a varied attack, effective in its well co-ordinated pushfulness, well-balanced Pakistan steam-rolled over slugging Great Britain to enter the final in the International Series.

While silencing the big guns of the British battle squad, the go-getting Pakistan boys went ahead to give an exhibition considered the best of any given by any team in the current season. It was a near massacre for the vanquished, 11-3.

Less brilliant, but a well-oiled machine, nevertheless, Portugal did not have to extend themselves in spite of not being at full strength, to hand out a severe 7-1 thrashing on China.

The Portuguese will meet Pakistan for the championship and the Hong-kong and Shanghai Hotels' Shield. The date for the game has yet to be fixed. It is expected the Association will have it arranged well in advance so that there is enough notice to avoid a clash of other sports engagements for the participants.

PENNANT RACE

Bill Woo's Canadians returned to form with a vengeance to shakelack the strong VRC 8-4 after blanking the latter for six of the seven slugs. The Canucks, though momentarily, are now in the most-favourable position in the close Senior Pennant race, with the defending champion, St Joseph's, close on their heels. On the outcome of their forthcoming clash hinges the virtual decision as to who will eventually win the "Doc" F. J. Molten Shield.

Spectators were thrilled by the sparkling holding of Pakistan. Four could be considered fielding gems—all brought off by the star-studded Pakistanis.

Popular Jindoo Hussain, left fielder, claimed two. The others were taken by hustling third-sacker Benny Omar and team captain A. H. Baker. Britain was down 11-0 for five innings.

A humiliating whitewashing was saved by heavy slugger Dave Leonard when he slashed the pellet over the fence for a homer. The other two runs came on a controversial decision as to whether a ball hit by Solly Saul was a hit or a foul. The Pakistanis thought it was foul. They let it go. A Britisher was on base. He and Solly both scored.

The winners were satisfied with place-hitting which came off in the clutch. All-rounder Sherry Bucks, who pitched a sound game for them, however, led the sluggers of his side with a sizzling two-bagger. The hard-hitting British were out-hit—in fact, outplayed in every department.

Two hustling players, Gerry Gosano and Gerry Roza-Perreira, slugged a circuit clutch apiece to add two runs to Portugal's seven. Roza-Perreira's hit was over the fence. China's solitary tally in retaliation came after four blanked frames. The count was then 5-0.

It was a one-sided affair, with the decision never in doubt. Stalwart Dr. E. L. Gosano and brother Bertie were not playing that day, but that did not stop the seasoned Portuguese boys from banging out nine solid blows, with five hits against them.

BIG GAME!

The Leagues have a junior tilt as the big game in the full schedule this week. The championship for the Ernie Hearther Shield may be virtually decided on this encounter. Champion Braves clash with their strongest rivals, Jaguars, in a needle struggle in a return game, the first being won by the Brave tribe.

That is the only loss suffered by Jaguars, whereas the champions are still undefeated. The two are the present strongest contenders. The youngsters of this League play a promising type of ball: it's worth-while to go out to the ballpark to see it. Meet the teams:

Braves—Choppy Remedios, Pesky Remedios, Carlos Yvanovich, Carlos Remedios, Junior Remedios, Tony Osmund, Ramon Loureiro, Frankie Vas and Eddie Remedios.

Jaguars—Afid Azevedo, Frankie Correa, Emil Leon, Nelson Souza, Tony Silva, Gerry Langenberg, Lionel Sequeira, Ollie Vas, Vic Pedruco, Jojo Baptista and Lino Marques.

FAREWELL, DON!

On the softball diamond where he has shone, and at the Committee table year in and year out at which his suggestions and knowledge of the game have been of value, there has been a "regular" guy—Don Robbins—intimately known to many as Don or Robbie. Don is going home on February 8, back to Vancouver—regretfully for softball circles for good.

All connected with softball will join with me, I am sure, in wishing him, Mrs Robbins and little Miss Robbins all the best—until, who knows, "till we meet again."



DON ROBBINS

Don has been with the Canadians, whom he many a time has helped out of hot water. His clutch batting has scored many an important Canuck run. Incidentally, in the vital VRC-Canadian game last week, Robbie gave a "farewell performance" to be remembered by.

He whacked a timely, screaming double to score in three lilies early in the game to give his team a commanding lead, paving the way for eventual victory.

Last season, Don Robbins registered .360, the sixth in the batting averages in a League participated in by over 200 players. He has a fine record. He is a real asset to the team as a player. A regular guy is Don Robbins. But, well, so long, Don!

Week-End Stars

A. J. Hussain, Pakistan—Apart from the two fielding gems that this powerful player brought off, popular "Jindoo", as it customary—he did the same thing in last year's India International victory—he slashed the first timely hit to score in runs. His all-round performance led the starchy Pakistan unit.

A. A. Rumiab, Pakistan—Swift-pepping shortstop "Aador" surprised

The Shape Of Stars To Come

Who will be the new stars in British sport in 1949?

Rugby is likely to have a new star in John P. Hyde, of Wellington Grammar School, an 18-year-old right-wing three-quarter, one of the fastest things in the game, and already an-marked for higher honours with his very adult performances with Northampton and East Midlands.

Colleague Pat Marshall claims Mr Hyde (who has, apparently, no Jekyll to his nature) as the best Rugby prospect for years, particularly since he is going on from Wellington to study medicine, and so will not be involved in military service—the bourn from which no sporting traveller returns with good effect.

Boxing?—They say the boy of the year will be 22-ish Eddie Cardew, from Holloway, North London, one of a family of 13 that contains one more fighting brother.

Eddie is a welterweight, who scored one-two-one-round knockouts in three fights within the past two months, and his quick scalps, included those of Jack Phillips, of Wales (points-beaten by Eddie Thomas), Gordon Ashun, of Liverpool, and Alf Taylor, of Liverpool, conqueror of Harry Lazar.

This is a smart performance from a newcomer, and voices around the haunts of the fraternity are already acclaiming him as a sensation. We could easily do with a sensation in boxing in view of the prevalent dependence on Freddie Mills.

Tennis?—Maybe this will be the year for Paddy Roberts, of Turquay. The boy has been coming along and along, and 1949 may be the year for him to arrive. He has the coach, in his professional father, and he has the stamina, the keenness, and the skill. The timing of this arrival will be interesting.

The new game?—It might easily be Holland's Korball (combination of netball and handball, between mixed sides with no tackling), which seems to be making its mark seriously. But, of that, more later.

JOHN MACADAM'S COLUMN

Prize Ring Dramas Are Born Backstage

It has occurred to us before, and it occurred to us again the other day with considerable force, that the real drama of the prize-ring is played out backstage, either in the dressing-room or on the scales; much of this drama having much more of the stuff of life than the business in the ring itself.

There was the time when one of our best-known fighters sat, beaten, bruised, and dispirited, on his rubbing table while one of his handlers called him out of his name for various reasons unconnected with his ability as a boxer.

There were the times poor Benny Lynch and, later, Jackie Paterson stood before silent, shocked crowds and watched, with hopeless eyes, the weight go inexorably against them.

Such a day it was the other night in a West End gym as the fighters hopped one by one through the ropes, stripped, stood on the scales and disappeared under a barrage of eyes that showed something like the amount of feeling that a Belgian butcher shows for a worn-out horse.

The boys were there again in full force, some of them looking as if they had never left. There was little flicker of interest as the international and Empire contenders went through the routine of stripping, stepping on and then stepping off; a waste of a boxer's as Terry Allen weighed nicely for his Southern Area fly-weight title fight with Dickie O'Sullivan at an ounce inside the eight stone.

Then O'Sullivan, looking drawn, "Five ounces overweight," bawled Nat Sellar, and the boys looked at one another and at Dickie, who was pulling on his clothes again with an hour left to him to get that five ounces off. He hustled away and we were left to wonder.

"All he's got to do is run up and down the stairs a couple of times," said someone.

"Turkish baths for ten minutes and he'll do it easy," said another.

Fifty-three minutes later he hustled in, peeled himself once more and, after they had carefully rubbed his body with a towel, they scoured the last particle of dust off the soles of his feet and hoisted him once more on to the scales. Still three ounces too heavy, and five minutes to go.

They hustled the boy into the dressing-room almost as if he could not walk with the towel. Bill Turner, Board of Control Inspector, looked at and tense. The promoter was without his smile.

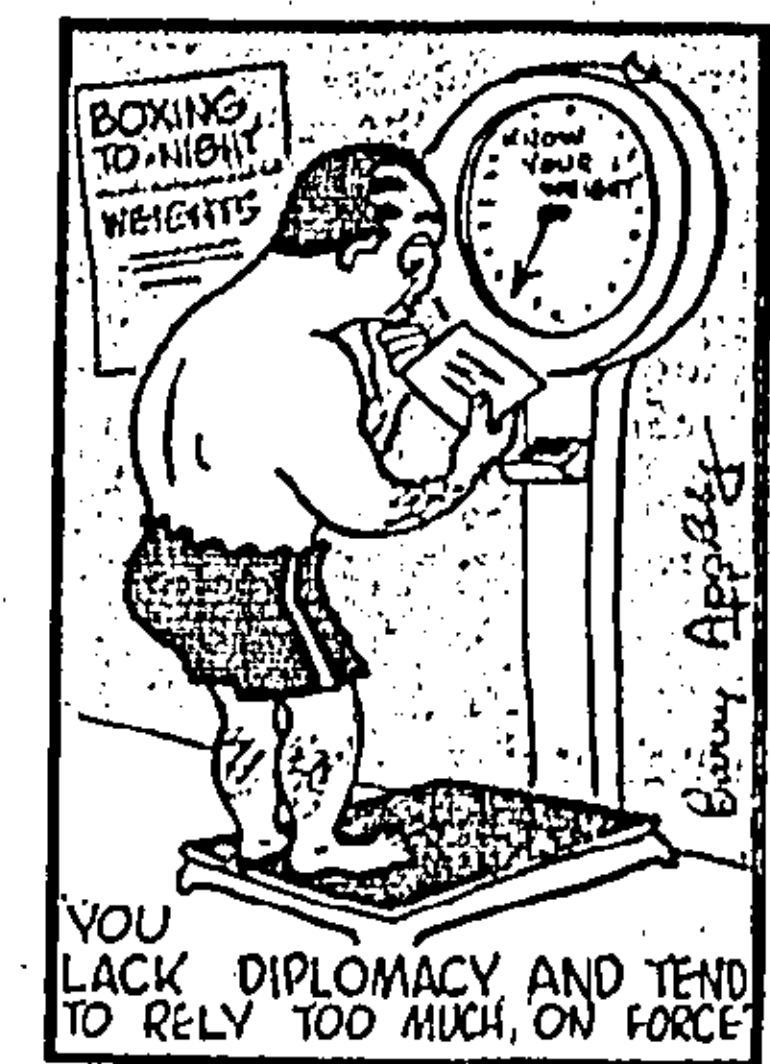
Benny Huntman, the manager of the fighter, paced up and down inside the ring, casting glances over his shoulder in the direction of the dressing-room almost as if he could look those three ounces off.

C. H. Nichols, the fight timekeeper, produced his stop-watch and intoned "Twenty-five seconds left," and then "Twenty seconds."

Benny Huntman called over towards the dressing-rooms: "Come on, Dickie," and wanted the weighing done with the boxer facing the other way, and the boys were telling each other how they'd have got it off easy, and then out came Dickie, naked, and carried between his trainer and Mike Milligan.

They lifted him through the ropes like a baby so that his feet shouldn't pick up any dust from the canvas and placed him on the scales with two seconds to spare. Two ounces over, and he forfeits £50 and the title fight.

Now, what does two ounces look like in weight? Exactly three half-crowns, one upon the other. We weighed it out ourselves.



Week-End Softball

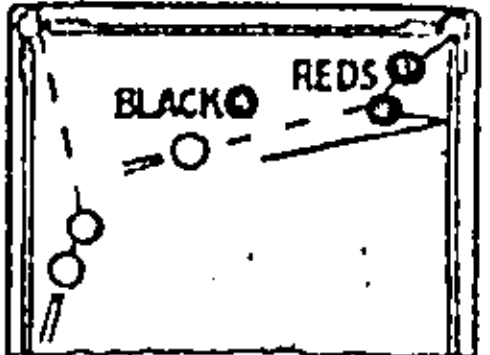
The week-end softball programme is Saturday. At 2.30 p.m., Mohawks v. Rangers (J) (umpires, Philo Remedios, Robin Hill, Umberto Mace; scorer, Tony Baptista). 4 p.m., Wildcats v. Pirates (L) (umpires, Bill Silva, Norman Herndon, Julius Bogie; scorer, Hal Wing Lee).

Sunday. At 9 a.m., Filipinos v. HKFC (S) (umpires, Philo Remedios, Saba Samy, Tony Kwok; scorer, Miss Terry Baptista). 10.30 a.m., Jaguars v. Braves (J) (umpires, Charlie Siqueiro, Bill Woo, Rennie Sequeira; scorer, Philo Remedios). 2 p.m., VRC v. Madcaps (S) (umpires, Hal Wing Lee, Bin Abiong, Ramon Castro; scorer, Philo Remedios). At C.D.A.—Noon, Saints v. Khalas (S) (umpires, "Doc" Mothen, Fred Bista, Don Low; scorer, Hal Wing Lee). 2 p.m., Canucks v. Overcas (S) (umpires, S. K. Khan, Nugget Ebrahim, Nino Singh; scorer, Mrs Gilly Wine Lee). 3.30 p.m., Chung Hwa v. Americans (S) (umpires, Showboat Yeung, Buster Holland, Luke Bunn; scorer, Saba Samy). 5.30 p.m., Blackwits v. Wildfires (J) (umpires, Philo Remedios, Carlos Yvanovich, Frankie Vas; scorer, Philo Remedios).

Arthur Peall says:

My diagram shows two reds in a F.A. curious position near the corner pocket. Either. Striker must rely on means easy cannon. Every professional should not like to be more than a foot from the pocket.

Learn from this to play the stroke cautiously, no matter how easy it may look when played by a quick "cannon". Cue-ball is only an inch from white in billiards diagram. A "run-through" cannon, taking care to avoid bumping, is an interesting shot, well worth trying.



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FROM HERE AND THERE:

The Men Who Broke The Bank

CANNES: Three Englishmen have broken the bank at Cannes casino by winning 60 million francs. They were playing *Tout Va*, that is baccarat for unlimited stakes—and the bank was held by two brothers from Paris named Blum. Following their success at Cannes, the three Englishmen tried their luck at Nice, and at the Palais de la Méditerranée on the Promenade des Anglais they won another 12 million francs. This is the biggest gambling win on the Riviera since before the war.

TIT FOR TAT

NEW YORK: Making the most of California's freak cold spell, Florida, California's chief rival, is flooding the country with pictures of celebrities enjoying their balmy 80° climate. Back came Hollywood with pictures of a bathing girl playing with snow. What Hollywood did not reveal—the sunshine which made her smile came from studio lights.

THE BRAVES' NEW WORLD

OTTAWA: Canada's northland Red Indians, once noted for their strength, stamina and size, are gradually shrinking because they have abandoned the eating habits of their forefathers and adopted the characteristics of shiftness, indolence, improvidence and inertia, now regarded as hereditary traits of the Red Indian, are actually the result of his inadequate diet. He is weakened and less able to resist infection.

NUMBER PLEASE

TORONTO: People of Brantford, Ontario, where Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in 1874, are not completely pleased by the announcement that the town's exchange at long last is going automatic. It means that families like that of Dr. R. W. Digby (Brantford 233) have got to give up the numbers they have had since 1880.

TASTY DISHES

NEW YORK: Mr. Fred Fredericks, the man who makes the American woman's most fantastic—most expensive—hats, deprecates quite naturally the hatless woman. Of her he said: "It's like ham without eggs. The woman puts on a hat and puff, she becomes appetizing."

CUT OFF

CAPETOWN: A message from Brazzaville states that Africans in the Eastern Belgian Congo have cut down newly-erected telephone wires to make copper bangles. Shangugu is now off the telephone circuit because of this.

DEATH TO BRISTLES

NEW YORK: The toothbrush, never fully endorsed by America's fussy dentists, may soon be doomed. An American dentist, Charles Hyser, has invented what his colleagues call the perfect tooth cleaner. It is

a 22-inch tube attachable to the wash-basin tap. You put toothpaste in the nozzle, turn on the water, and squirt the mouth thoroughly.

MEDICAL DISCOVERY

TORONTO: An artificial kidney has been built in a hospital at London, Ontario, by J. Van Noordwijk, a young Dutch scientist working under a research grant in Western University, Ontario. Based on the invention of Dr. Kolff of Kampen, Holland, who worked in hiding from the Nazis, it consists of 45 yards of cellophane tubing wound round an aluminium drum. The drum rotates in a salt solution. If the patient's kidneys fail, blood laden with impurities enters one end of the tube from the patient's forearm artery, traverses the tubing, and the impurities pass through the pores of the cellophane into the solution, the blood emerging purified at the other end. It filters about eight quarts of blood hourly and when the patient's kidneys fail can take over for a few hours until they recover.

TALE OF A CAT

CAPETOWN: A tortoiseshell kitten belonging to the South African frigate Transval turned the Simonstown Royal Naval base upside down. When the kitten became ill, Lieut. C. J. Thompson picked it up to take to the sick bay. On the way it apparently went mad, bit the lieutenant, and died. The kitten was thrown into the harbour waters, but afterwards rabies was suspected. Lieut. Thompson was sent to a shore hospital and a naval diver went down into the harbour to look for the kitten. He brought up a cat but it was the wrong one, and he went down again. The whole shore establishment lined the quays to cheer the "proceedings." Eventually the tortoiseshell kitten was brought up and sent off for examination. But Lieut. Thompson was given the full course of 14 painful anti-rabies injections before it was established that the kitten had not got rabies! On Lieut. Thompson's discharge is marked, under nature of illness, "cat bite."

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

NEW YORK: Seven teenagers asked in a magazine poll to identify a group of public figures scored 95 percent correct on Bing Crosby and 93 percent on President Truman. But 97 percent of them correctly identified Dick Tracy, the comic strip detective.

STINGING REVERSE

DAB and FLOUNDER
—by Walter

The Novels Take A Knock

PUBLISHERS' latest complaint is that the sale of fiction is falling off. That is their business. We have a right to read what we like.

If only as a change from standardised fiction and galvanised fact, I welcome the return of the essay. It has been out of favour for many years.

Readers had become restive; they expected a writer to get cracking without a lot of meditation, digression, and whimsicality. This seemed a pity. What as W. H. Davies almost said, what is this life if it's so messy we have no time to read an essay?

You must make time to read "ESSAYS, POEMS AND TALES" by H. W. Nevinson (Gollancz, 18s.), a selection from the work of the famous war correspondent and scholar who died eight years ago at the splendid age of 85.

It is a book of literature about life. Whether he mentions Meredith or Montaigne, describes the first flight across the Channel or "covers" the Messina earthquake, Nevinson always has his prose under control and his reader under his spell.

Salute him

TWO living essayists must now be saluted. Here's Bernard Darwin with "EVERY IDLE DREAM" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) dispensing knowledge, humour, and mature wisdom on whatever catches his alert and

lambent fancy—from tin soldiers to railway junctions, from cricket to the common cold. Listening by the fire to his affable and mellow voice discoursing on the happier side of life, I sometimes felt to get a word in edgewise—not a word of protest, but of gratitude. "Thank you," I would have said. "You managed to write that piece without a single allusion to Dickens." But I was too polite to interrupt.

A traveller's tales

FREYA Stark, the travel writer, takes time off from Persia or Arabia to offer us in "PERSEUS IN THE WIND" (Murray, 12s. 6d.) her recollections on death, memory, love, sorrow, old age, education, and other subjects which are not readily responsive to the urbane touch. Don't be daunted. Here's a book of surprises. Come to an essay on Words and you find yourself fascinated by an account of silence. Brace yourself to tackle the one on Happiness and you are transported to a fruit orchard in Canada.

Who are they?

THESE are real, solid, interesting, and not uninspiring essays. Each is preceded by a little anthology of impressive quotations, about which the only complaint I have to make is that the contributing authors sometimes look unfamiliar. Who are W. Yeats, William Henry, and George Trevelyan? They are almost as unrecognisable as, say, Herbert Wells, George Shaw, or F. Stark.

London Shocks An American

MR EDMUND WILSON, an American journalist, has written a disagreeable and mischievous book in Europe Without Bredokker (Secker and Warburg, 15s.). He hates Britain, and he seems to think that any stick is good enough to beat a dog.

We do not resent honest criticism. When Keyserling tells us that we are naturally lazy we know that it is true. When Napoleon tells us that we are a nation of shopkeepers, we wish only that we were better shopkeepers.

But in this book there is no honest criticism. The sort of thing Mr Wilson has to say can be illustrated from a few examples. "There is about London a flavour of Soviet Moscow." But another American visitor has said to us that we are the only people in Europe who are not scared. We are not

a police state. An Englishman may say what he thinks without fear of being liquidated. The social classes in England are quite different races of beings, who speak different languages. We are now almost a classless society, and we have never been unintelligible to each other.

"We have escaped being exploited like Canada." Ask a Canadian whether he is exploited by Great Britain.

"The American disinterested idealism and carelessness about money" are contrasted by Mr Wilson with the "desperate materialism" of the English. I will leave it to men of business who have dealt with Americans to suggest some modification of this charming picture.

"The exasperated antagonism of the English towards the Americans." This is absolutely untrue. There is no anti-American feeling in England. There is no Englishman who does not think that a war between the two countries would be an unthinkable crime.

The fact is that we are much more foreign to the Americans than they are to us. Whitaker's Almanack divides the world into the British Commonwealth, the United States, and foreign nations. An American who wanted a house in London said to the agent, "This house would suit me very well. But I see there is a clause in your lease which forbids you to sublet to a foreigner." "That does not apply to you, sir."

American Journalist Edmund Wilson found in London "a flavour of Soviet Moscow." He has published an attack on Englishmen's rudeness, their anti-American feeling, materialism and snobbery. To-day his criticisms are answered by Dr. W. R. INGE.

We are slow to realise that America is no longer Anglo-Saxon. There are millions of hyphenated Americans who have brought with them from their former homes the vendettas of the old world. But our wish for brotherly relations is not unamicable, and should not be scorned.

"The English have no manners," says Mr Wilson. A German, Von Stutterheim, judges rather differently. In his book, Those English, he writes: "The foreigner is in a perpetual state of wonder at English politeness, which is found in all classes. London is incomparably more polite as a city than Paris. Its courtesy is far more sincere than that of Rome, and more natural than the somewhat regimented politeness of Berlin.... This everyday courtesy is perhaps the purest expression of English kindness and as such ranks higher than mere convention."

We are often surprised at the manifestations of unfriendliness in Americans of Mr Wilson's book. It is a blatant example.

The Americans like what they call a good mixer, a hearty fellow who claps a stranger on the back and begins to talk about his family and his affairs. We detect a good mixer, and if he is a fellow-countryman we no doubt try to establish an entente glaciale. If he happens to be an American the result is unfortunate.

But it is obvious that when a man visits a foreign country with no feelings except hatred and contempt for its inhabitants, he is not likely to have a very warm reception. Mr Wilson seems to have been naively surprised at our want of cordiality.

American "friendship" may be a matter of life and death to us; it is not quite that for them. And we must remember that in the days of our prosperity, when Palmerston was Prime Minister, we were insufficiently arrogant. (We may hope that for Americans have seen the cartoons in Punch during the sixties.) But we have had the stuff knocked out of us now.

"The English are mentioned in the Bible," said Mark Twain, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Now we do not expect to inherit the earth; we only want to keep the flag of freedom waving in our corner of Europe.

There are only two Great Powers now, Russia and the United States. There can be no doubt to which group we belong.

But though our day as a Great Power may be over, we have been, are, and will be a great nation.

AND THIS IS WHAT MR WILSON THINKS OF LONDONERS

"I HAD TO GET TOUGH . . ."

QUOTES from Edmund Wilson's book—

I WAS surprised in London to hear a good deal of bitter criticism of practically everything connected with America. I did not actually talk with people who believed, though I heard that the legend was current—that the long legs of the American women were due to the prevalence of Negro blood; but I met several well-educated persons who had ideas almost as fantastic.

REVENGE ON BRITAIN

With the more offensive I took a tougher line, I would retort that American soldiers who had committed misdemeanours in England were our revenge for the obnoxious British propagandists who had been sent over to put pressure on us. The first rebuttal I got was an unperturbed retort that in general the diplomats and agents who were sent to New York and Washington were not out of the top drawer, when a man did not come up to scratch he was usually assigned to the States.

I had never before fully grasped what was meant by "British rudeness." What we consider rudeness is their form of good manners. In England good breeding is something you exhibit by snubbing and scoring off people.

This is closely connected with their class system, and is partly a question of accent, vocabulary and general style, which your inferior cannot acquire.

For all that with other peoples is understood by politeness or courtesy they have a special word, civility. To say that a person is civil is usually patronising; to complain of someone's incivility usually means that a vulgar person has made himself offensive by breaking the rules and not accepting the inferior position to which you have tried to assign him.

The English have invented and perfected methods for warring off inconvenient questions; a favourite device is the False Issue.

If you do not want to stand by the Poles you make fun of them for their effervescence, thus implying that they are quite irresponsible; if Gandhi is becoming too powerful you are amusing about his jingoism and goat.

Only in more aggravated cases do you resort to moral indignation. If the Americans expect loans to be repaid you denounce them as "Uncle Shylock"; if the Irish are becoming important you raise a hue and cry against Farnell on the ground that he has committed adultery.

HUMBLE DECENCY

In America external crudeness usually goes with a lowness of motive. But in England it is mostly with the humble that the straightforwardness and decency reside. The Norwegian captain of our ship told us that he was warned by other Norwegians that everybody would try to cheat him with the single exception of the English. I am sure that this was quite true of the English with whom the captain came into contact; but it is certainly not true of the people who make and carry out British policy or in the higher reaches of British business.

I was surprised by the class feeling in the British Army.

The whole technique of the Englishman in dealing with the men in his command is a traditional part of his system. Whether he is himself an insolent or an amiable man, his tone assumes class superiority.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Hospital Notes'

By KEMP STARRETT



SPORTS

STORIES

PUZZLES



The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS

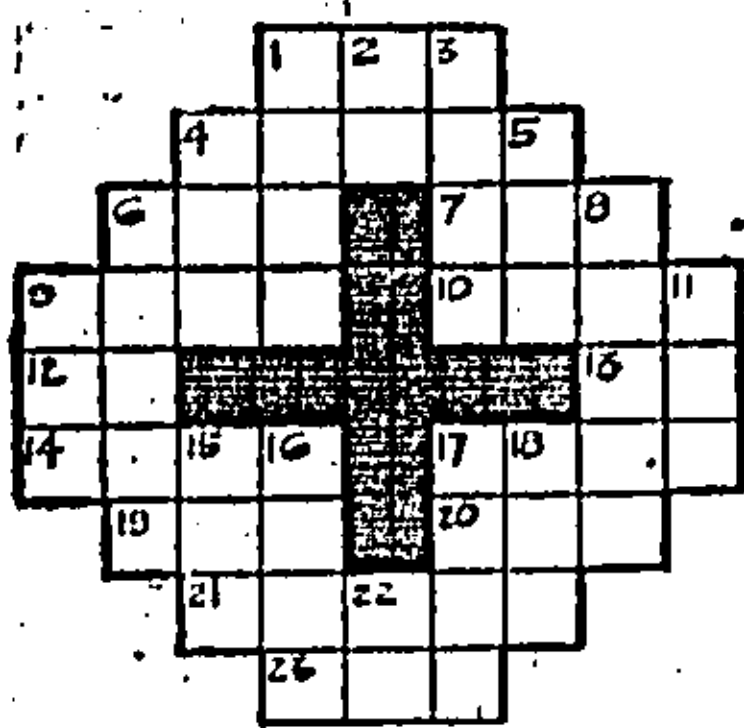
GAMES

JOKES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

Variety Puzzles for Young Master Minds

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Poem
- 2 Shop
- 3 Also
- 4 Writing fluid
- 5 Row
- 6 Requite
- 7 Companion word for "either"
- 8 Eye (Scot.)
- 9 Canvas shelter
- 10 Foot part
- 11 Observe
- 12 Tasmania (ab.)
- 13 Bet
- 14 Decay

DOWN

- 1 Indian
- 2 Accomplish
- 3 Ireland
- 4 Male child
- 5 Compass point
- 6 Wetlands
- 7 Parts of ships
- 8 Plot of land
- 9 English river
- 10 Recent
- 11 Rip
- 12 Let it stand!
- 13 Boat paddle
- 14 Proceed

DIAMOND

Here's a diamond centred on a SETTLER. The second word is "a plug," the third "a flower part," the fifth "a Roman helmet," and the sixth "a meadow."

S
E
T
T
L
E
R

SCRAMBLERS

Scramble "a castle ditch" and have "a type of bomb."
Scramble "to wither" and have "Gaelic."

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a word, then rearrange the rows of words to form a perfect word square:

L	P	T	E	A
L	S	T	S	A
N	E	T	C	A
S	P	C	E	A
A	N	E	V	A

Rupert's Elf Bell—3



Finding his question is so difficult to answer, Rupert gets very keen to solve the problem, and he decides to ask his father. Running home, he finds Mr. Bear tending a large bonfire in the garden. "I say, Daddy," cries Rupert, "what a lot of smoke you're making. Do tell me, what happens to it when it rises? There must be tons of it up there from all the bonfires and volcanoes and chimneys and things. Why doesn't it turn the sky black instead of blue?" Then he waits anxiously for the answer.

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RIDDLES

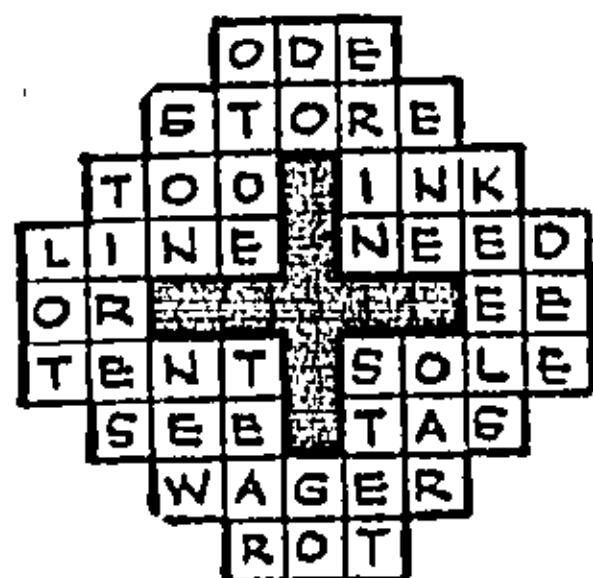
1. If a disabled sailor goes into business, should he be a retailer?
2. What is it that rises and falls, travels about and wears shoes out, but never had any shoes, yet "foot" is part of its name?
3. Why can't a cook eat her own apron?
4. Why is a teacher of music necessarily a good teacher?
5. How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest?

HOMONYM

Words missing in our sentence sound alike, but are spelled differently.
The villain was harsh and severe, with a _____.

ANSWERS

CROSSWORD:



HOMONYM: Mean, mien.

WORD SQUARE:

CAVES
AVENA
PETAL
ENACT
SALTS

SCRAMBLERS: Mount, atom; Sere, eric.

DIAMOND:

S
P
E
G
P
E
T
A
L
S
E
T
T
L
E
R
G
A
L
E
A
L
E
A

RIDDLE ANSWERS: 1—Yes, because he cannot be a whole sailor. 2—A football. 3—Because it goes against her stomach. 4—Because she is a sound instructor. 5—None, they are all carried to it.

Shoemaker Made Big Ideas Come True

"SECOND-HAND shoes bought and sold." This sign hung over the shop of William Carey, a poor shoemaker in England in 1793. He was an unusual shoemaker. His shoe-repairing was done at night. During the day he taught school and on Sundays he preached, for he was also a minister.

He made, with his own hands, a large map of the world which hung on his wall. As he hammered away by candle-light, he kept studying the map. He had a book open beside him to read as he worked. In 12 years he taught himself five different languages, including Hebrew.

Carey wanted to be a missionary to go to far-off places where people were ignorant and sick and suffering, and to help them.

He persuaded other ministers to get every church-member to give the penny a week to missionary work. Ten years later he preached his famous sermon, "Expect Great Things from God—Attempt Great Things for God." As a result, 12 village ministers started the first world missionary society, with only £16 in their treasury!

★
WHEN he was 32 years old, Carey went to India to begin his long service as a missionary. When he died, 41 years later, he was still so poor that his son had to sell Carey's books to raise money for the funeral. For his tombstone, Carey wrote this line: "A wretched, poor, and helpless worm." He said of himself that laziness was his greatest sin.

Yet William Carey, throughout his life, supported himself by his own labour as shoemaker, factory worker, printer, publisher, and teacher. For others as a missionary, Carey helped to raise nearly £125,000. Carey set up the first printing press in India. He printed dictionaries, grammar books,

translations, textbooks, as well as 212,000 copies of the Bible in 40 different languages. He published the first two newspapers in India, one in the Bengali language and the other in English. To supply his printing press, he built India's first paper mill and type foundry, and constructed India's first steam engine.

Besides all this, Carey established the first Christian school in India, the first seminary to train ministers, the first school for women, the first hospital. His schools, churches, and libraries covered five acres of ground. He started 30 different missionary stations in India, besides his own.

Carey was also India's first scientist. He classified plants and animals, and made studies in forestry and agriculture. He organised the country's first agricultural society. He opened the first savings bank in the land.

★
CAREY had many friends, but he also had many obstacles and enemies. The East India Company, with huge business interests in India, was shy of the idea of natives learning to read and write and become civilised.

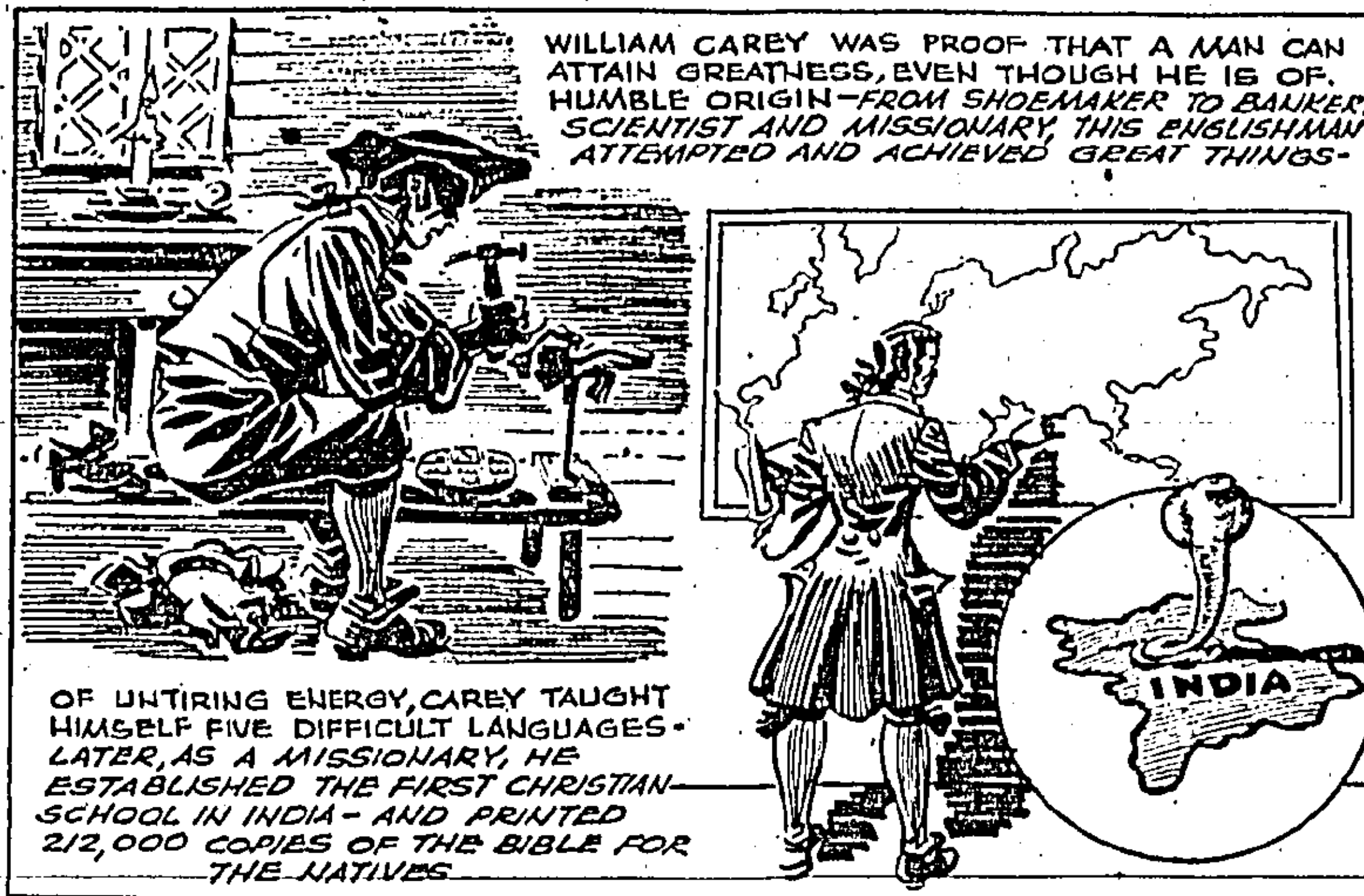
This company said Carey was crazy, and called his experiments expensive or impossible. He was often insulted and attacked. Once his whole library and printing shop were burned down. Through all this, and through the illness and death of his wife and children, Carey held steadfast on his way.

Carey had trouble with the Hindus themselves. The people of India followed many cruel, ignorant customs. When a man died, his widow might also be put to death, by being burned alive. New-born girl babies were often killed. Some superstitious groups required their members to commit suicide. Starvation and disease were widespread. India had millions of slaves, thousands of suffering lepers and many criminals.

★
TO these people, Carey brought the healing of soul and of body. He offered faith and education, and medicine, science and machines. For these people, Carey argued with the British government, until one by one it ended the cruelties of India's life and began to better the lot of India's down-trodden millions.

And he called himself "lazy," this man of unbelievable energy! Early each morning, he would rise to read his Bible, first in English, then in some new language he was learning. All day long he would tend to teaching, writing, printing, publishing, supervising—working every minute. He expected great things, and he attempted great things.

The poor English shoemaker remained a whole continent.



OF UNTIRING ENERGY, CAREY TAUGHT HIMSELF FIVE DIFFICULT LANGUAGES—LATER, AS A MISSIONARY, HE ESTABLISHED THE FIRST CHRISTIAN SCHOOL IN INDIA—AND PRINTED 212,000 COPIES OF THE BIBLE FOR THE NATIVES.

Knarf Took a Trip Down Town

—And When He Came Back He Looked Very Odd—

By MAX TRELL

ALL afternoon Hanid, the shadow-girl with the turned-about name, was wondering what had happened to her brother Knarf. The last she had seen of him was when he had gone down the street, toward all the stores in town. And now, suddenly, as Mrs. Cuckoo in the cuckoo clock called out four times, a little flat figure came sliding in under the door. It was Knarf at last.

On glancing at her brother, Hanid was struck with surprise. For across his face and across his chest and up and down his arms and legs were what appeared to be all the letters of the alphabet.

Hanid rubbed her eyes. Yes—she had seen right. Her brother did have the letters of the alphabet printed all over him!

"Knarf! What have you been doing? You look like a page out of a book!"

All That Happened
So Knarf sat down beside her and told her all that had happened.

"I went down town," he said, "where all the stores are. I looked in all the windows. In one of the stores, there were windows full of candy. In another store, there were windows full of groceries. In other



Knarf looked in all the store windows.

stores, there were clothes, and toys, and puppy dogs, and bottles of medicine. But all at once, I came to a store where there was nothing in the window but pads of paper with nothing written on them.

"Was it a paper store?" asked Hanid.

Knarf said: "I didn't know. I put my face very close to the window and peered inside. And do you know what I saw?"

"What did you see?"

"I saw a man in his shirt sleeves, standing in front of a big machine. The machine opened and closed like some one opening and closing his mouth. And every time the machine opened, the man took out a sheet of paper with one hand and put in a fresh sheet of paper with the other.

"I wondered why he was doing this," Knarf continued, "so I slipped inside to get a closer look. The machine was making a great deal of noise. I looked at the sheets of paper that the man was putting in and taking out. The sheets of paper that he put in had nothing on them at all. But the sheets of paper that he took out had words written all over them."

"Oh," said Hanid, "it was a printing press!"

"Yes," said Knarf, nodding his head a little sadly. "That's what that machine was all right. I found that out the next minute."

"Why, what happened?"

"Well," said Knarf, "I was so curious to know how the words got printed on the paper, that I leaned over too far and I fell inside just as the printing press was closing. It certainly gave me a squeeze! And when I jumped out again, there I was with these letters printed all over me!"

Hanid had a good laugh. For when she looked at the letters closely, they read "Mother Goose."

"It ought to be 'Knarf is a Goose,'" Hanid said, laughing again.

Knarf had to scrub himself very hard before the letters came off.

A New Hobby—Seed Pictures As Gifts

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS

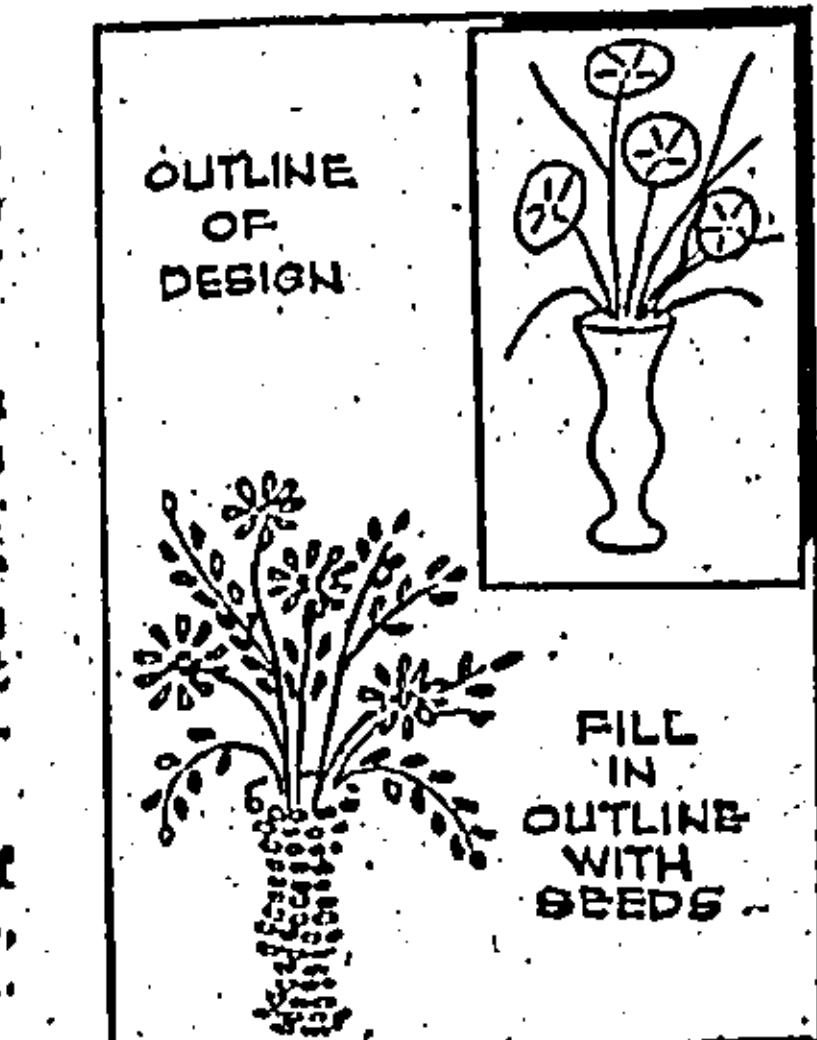
THOSE seeds from the apple you ate last night may be just the ones you will need for a "seed picture."

This is a new way to express one's artistic ability, and it is as effective as oils, charcoal, or water colours. Once you have started this new hobby, you can put an end to worries about Christmas and birthday presents.

Materials needed are seeds of various shapes, straw, pins, cardboard, glue, and nail polish.

To make the vase of flowers shown in the illustration, sketch the details on a piece of cardboard which has been painted with light tan or green water colours.

Coat one side of flat oval-shaped seeds with bright red nail polish and allow to dry. You may use water colours or enamel to paint the leaf seeds green. Blue-coloured seeds wish.



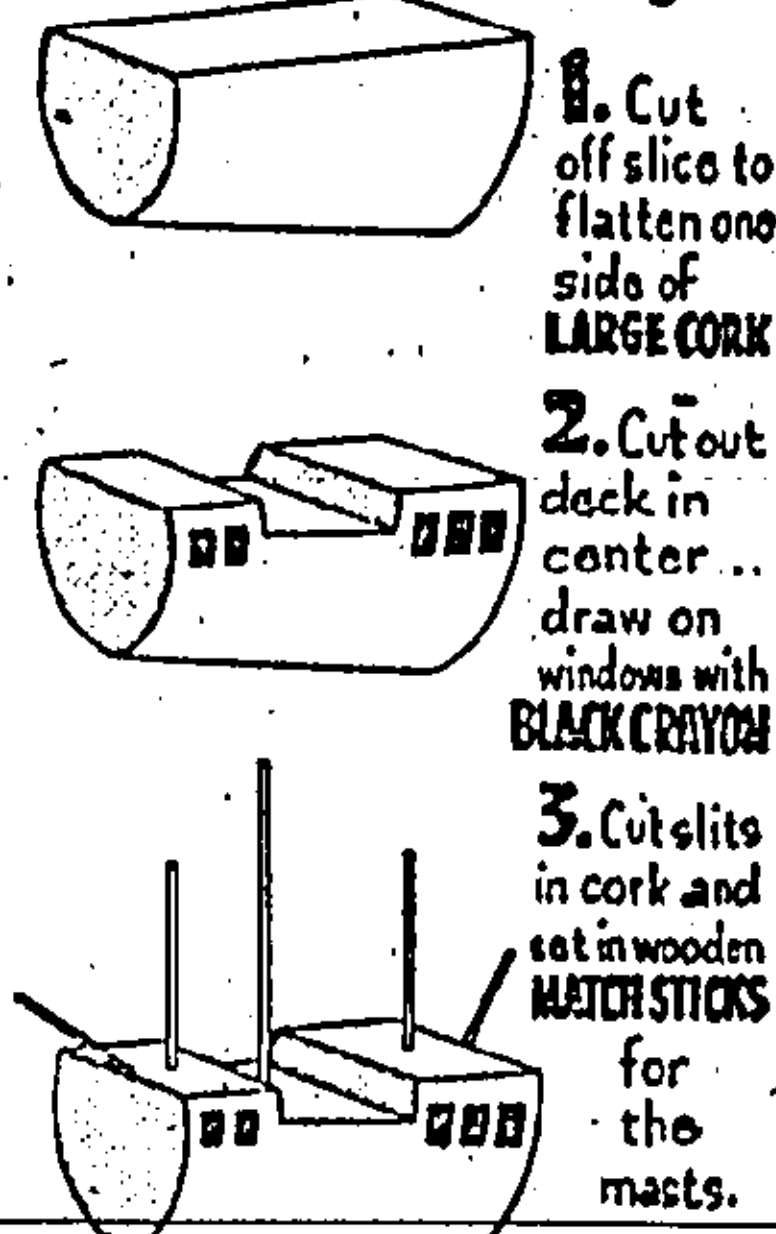
make the vase, and small straws the stems.

Cover the unpainted side of seeds with glue. A pin can be used to hold the seeds in place until dry.

Cover the finished picture with a glass or cellophane of suitable size and frame if you wish.

DO-IT By Dale Goss

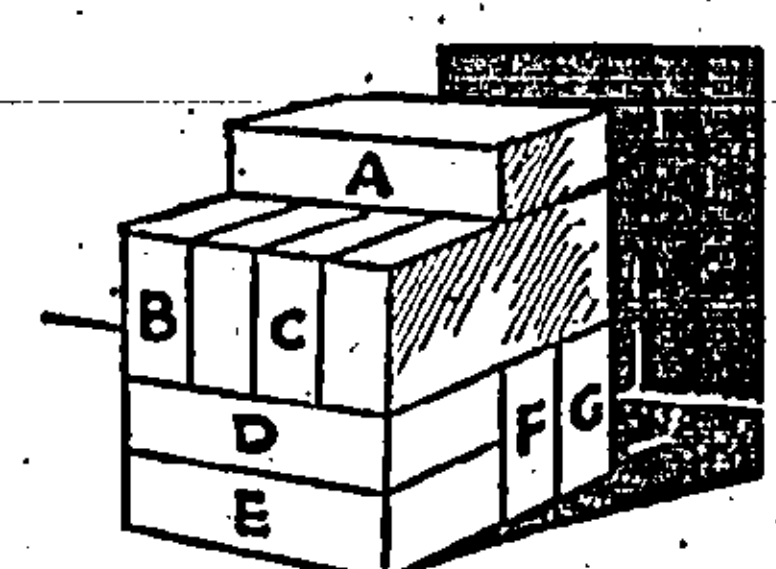
Pirate Ship



1. Cut off slice to flatten one side of LARGE CORK
2. Cut out deck in center... draw on windows with BLACK CRAYON
3. Cut slits in cork and set in wooden MATCH STICKS for the masts.



4. Cut sails from WHITE PAPER... small sails are 1" high and 1 1/2" wide... large sail is 1 1/2" high and 2" wide... Make small slits in sails and slip over masts...



THE EYE AND MIND TEST

HOW fast can your mind work in partnership with your eye? This block test will tell you because it requires rapid judgment of what you see.

To do the test properly you will require a watch with a second hand so that you can time yourself.

First, take a general glance at the pile of blocks. There are nine altogether and they are all the same size and shape. Seven of them are lettered and these seven you must watch.

Examine each block separately and write down beside its letter the number of other blocks which touch that particular block. You will notice that they are placed so that each ends touch tops, sides touch bottoms, etc., but each block touching another must be counted no matter how little of the surface is touched.

All set! Look at your watch and get your total time in seconds when finished.

HOW TO SCORE

Add up all the figures of all the letters. The total should be 35. If you arrived at that total within two minutes you are an excellent observer. For every 10 seconds longer than two minutes, you should subtract two points from your total.

A score of 30 or more puts you in the detective class because you can interpret what you see correctly without wasting too much time. Below 20, you are at fault in your observation, or you are not mechanically inclined and cannot draw the proper conclusions from what you see. Here are the numbers for each block: A—4; D—6; C—0; E—3; F—7; G—5.

RED RYDER

Just Like a Lift

By Fred Harman



